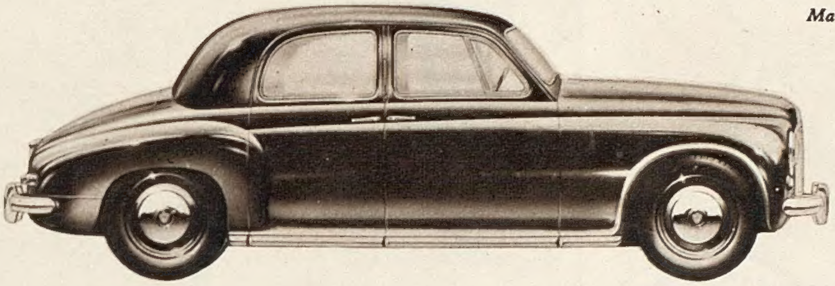
The Sketch

3/6 · CHRISTMAS NUMBER · 1953

NO. 2847A. VOL. CCXIX. NOVEMBER 19, 1953.
PUBLISHED AT INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

At the *Festive Season* it is but natural
to think of the Good Things of Life
McVITIE & PRICE'S
SMALL RICH TEA
BISCUITS
McVITIE & PRICE'S
DIGESTIVE
BISCUITS
McVITIE & PRICE
MACVITA
MACVITA
McVitie and Price
MAKERS OF FINEST QUALITY BISCUITS
McVITIE AND PRICE, LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON, MANCHESTER

By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.



To the casual glance two more dissimilar vehicles could not be imagined. Yet the stocky 4-wheel drive Land-Rover receives the same careful attention in machining and construction as does its elegant companion. And the Rover Car, with all its grace, is as tough and sturdy as the Land-Rover. Fitness for purpose is the keynote of both.

ROVER
LAND-ROVER

Alike in Craftsmanship

A THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON

CVS-217.

Postage Rates: Inland and Abroad 4d.

A REGAL
PLEASURE
Barker & Dobson
CAMEO CHOCOLATES
REGAL FRUIT DROPS
MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY SINCE 1834

HAPPY Inspiration
for
THE GIFT
PROBLEM
PIFCO
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
Massager 81/3
A de luxe Carrying Case available for either Hair Dryer or Massager . . . 45/6
★ Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET. "The Benefits of Massage." Pifco Ltd., Watling St., Manchester, 4
PIFCO
STREAMLINED
Hair Dryer 74/6
The most desirable gifts you could wish to give or receive are good health and good looks. Here are two happy suggestions that will contribute to either. Elegant in appearance, beautifully packed for presentation, they will give lasting pleasure and invoke the grateful appreciation of the lucky recipient

There is only one...
JOY
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
...the costliest perfume in the world
also from paris the perfumes: cocktail dry moment suprême amour amour

Welcome Always – Keep it Handy
Grant's
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY
AFTER 100 YEARS, IN GREATER DEMAND THAN EVER

Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

Horrockses *the Greatest Name in Cotton*

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · SALES DIVISION · COWLEY · OXFORD

London Showrooms: Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

B1

THIS is the Gin For your Christmas Entertaining

SPECIAL DRY GIN
The gin of incomparable quality—'the heart of a good cocktail'. Bottle 33/9d. ½ bottle 17/7d. ¼ bottle 9/2d. Miniature 3/7d. U.K. only.

ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN
Delicious on its own, with tonic water or a splash of soda. Bottle 32/-. ½ bottle 16/9d. Miniature 3/5d. U.K. only.

'SHAKER' COCKTAILS
'There's no comparison'—seven appetising varieties mixed by experts and ready to serve from shaker bottles. Bottle 21/-. ½ bottle 11/3d. Miniature 2/5d. U.K. only.

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS THE GIFT *they'd choose*

. . . that's the secret of successful giving. They'd like a TEASMADE! and will remember you gratefully every day as it awakens them with cheering, freshly-made tea—entirely automatically. Beautifully made, it incorporates a GOBLIN electric clock with illuminating panels, electric kettle, teapot and tray. (A.C. only.) Price **£15.3.5**, P.T. paid. Without tray **£13.13.10** (crockery not supplied).

THE "POPULAR" MODEL
An inexpensive version of the standard "TEASMADE," costing only **£9.8.9.** It gives the same service, but is simpler in design. In cream & chrome. (A.C. only.)

GOBLIN *Teasmade*

THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER AND ENG. CO. LTD. (S.K.), GOBLIN WORKS, LEATHERHEAD

JE REVIENS

LES PARFUMS
WORTH

DANS LA NUIT • IMPRUDENCE • REQUÊTE

From the better stores, chemists and hairdressers

PARIS
120 FAUBOURG, ST. HONORE

LONDON
62 GROSVENOR STREET, W.1

Dit le gui à l'arbre
SAID THE MISTLETOE TO THE
de Noël, "Qu'est-ce
CHRISTMAS TREE, "WHAT IS
que cette grande bouteille dans
THAT BIG BOTTLE IN
tes bras?" Répondit l'arbre
YOUR ARMS?' REPLIED THE
de Noël, "C'est le Dubonnet
CHRISTMAS TREE, "IT IS THE DUBONNET
que Madame va donner à
WHICH MADAM IS GIVING TO THE
Monsieur." "Tiens, tiens!"
MASTER." "BLESS MY SOUL!"
s'écria le gui, "je serai
EXCLAIMED THE MISTLETOE, "I'M IN FOR
très occupé!"
A BUSY TIME!"

As you muster your bottles of Christmas cheer, make sure that Dubonnet is on parade. This famous French aperitif fills you with the joy of living but never leaves you liverish. At 20/- a large bottle Dubonnet is the finest possible Christmas buy — and what about a spot of preliminary training now?

DUBONNET DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

For Christmas
to be Christmas...

. . . there must be so many things. Carols, presents, stockings, puddings, a tree . . . and, for young and old alike, a feeling of home, of being with people who love and understand. No one in our care goes short of this last ingredient; but will you help us to see that the others are there too, for all in our great family? Christmas gifts will be most gratefully received by General Albert Orsborn, 113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

Thank you Santa Claus!

But . . . please don't forget the others!

There are nearly 5,000 children in our family who also hope their wishes will come true.

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Xmas fare for one child

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)

Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11

Christmas Seals remind us . . . we can greet our friends and help tuberculous patients

SEALS
100 for 4/-
CHRISTMAS CARDS
12 (with envelopes) for 6/-
★ **BUY NOW** from the
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS
Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. 65, Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2.

Special Notice To Subscribers

Regular readers who receive their copies by subscription direct from Ingram House, London, are reminded that they should advise us at once—if possible, some weeks in advance—of any change in their address. Alterations should be sent to the Publisher, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and it is important to indicate the date upon which such alterations become effective.

THROUGHOUT the world the inimitable Jaguar Mark VII. Saloon continues to enhance British prestige and, indeed, in every country where it is sold it is clearly the most desired imported car. The equally famous XK120 is universally regarded as the outstanding sports car of this generation and enthusiastic owners everywhere consistently register successes in every type of competitive event. A measure of Jaguar's appeal is the fact that 85% of total production is sold overseas, bringing to Britain many millions of Dollars as part of their great export earnings.

Grace... Space... Pace... JAGUAR

Starred for your special friends ★ Scintillating gift cases for women from **12/-** for men from **10/6** ★ Brilliant Yardley perfumes—among them **'Bond Street'** from **13/11** **Flair** from **31/6,** and their delicious companions for the bath ★ **Yardley English Lavender** from **6/-,** Crystallised for the handbag **6/11, Lavender Soap** from **2/3** . . . And all the radiant galaxy of Yardley Christmas gifts from which to make your choice

The Sketch
Christmas Number, 1953

Photographed by E. Heimann

The Editor and Staff of "The Sketch"
wish their readers everywhere
a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

E

SAINT LUDMILLA AND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN HARGRAVE

His new legendary story specially written for the Christmas Number of "The Sketch"

by PAUL GALLICO

Author of *The Snow Goose*, *The Small Miracle*, etc., etc.

IT was in the late summer of the year 1823; the herds were still pasturing in the Malbun and Saminathals, but the nights were already growing cool so that their days amidst the Alpine grass were already numbered and the time of their annual descent into the Rhinethal was not far off.

The setting sun had turned the blue sky a brilliant orange, then soft pink merging to pearl; the plum velvet of night had come out of the east, spangled with stars. The cattle were stamping and lowing softly in the stables near by, the milking done and the herdsmen and dairymen gathered about the fire which the crisp air made welcome.

Father Polda had walked up, as was his nightly custom, from his little chapel in Steg, to sit and talk with the men and their families, for it was mostly under the sun and the stars that he preached, or sought the God that he served.

Alois, the chief herdsman, wrapping his cloak around him, arose and awakened the echoes with the mournful cry of the ancient Ave he sent aloft each night:

"Ooho! O–ho! A–ve! Ave Maria!"

From the shadowed figures of the herders and dairymen around the fire arose the words and simple melody of the evensong of the herdsmen:

God, the Father, Creator of Heaven and Earth,
Give us Your blessing, Watch o'er our hearth,
Dearly beloved Mary and your dearly-beloved son,
Let your protecting mantle spread o'er every one,
St. Peter, Thou watchman at Heaven's gate,
Shield us from savage beasts; in Thy hands our fate . . .

The song swelled louder to include all the saints—Theodul, Rocchus, Wendelin and Veit, Sebastian and St. Cyprian, each of whom had particular duties to protect them from the manifold dangers of the mountains, beasts of prey, witches, evil spirits, avalanches of rock and snow, the claws of the bear, the fangs of the wolf, the pounce of the lynx, the poisonous breath and the stinging tail of the dragon.

And, of course, there was Ludmilla, *Die Heilige Notburga*, to whom they sang:

PRELIMINARY

HALF-WAY up the Malbun Valley from Steg, in the Principality of Liechtenstein, where the torrent Malbun comes tumbling down its glacial bed, you will find the shrine of Saint Ludmilla, Die Heilige Notburga, in a niche cut into the solid rock above the silvery waters.

She is a sweet figure, carved out of wood, in milkmaid's dress, with the golden rays of the sun behind her head in place of the usual halo. In one hand she holds a harvesting sickle and in the other a milk-jug, for she is the patron saint of the herdsmen, milkers, butter separators and cheese-makers, and the taupe-coloured Alpine cattle with the broad heads, curving horns and large, gentle eyes are under her special protection.

She stands at the entrance to the Saminathal, famous for its rich grass and quiet, protected highland pasturage, where sometimes are found rare and scattered plants of the Garbengewachse of the species Alchemilla which the Liechtensteiners call by the name of Mutterkraut, or "Mother's weed," for it is believed to increase the flow of milk and the herdsmen are always on the look-out for the yellow-flowered, broad-leafed plants, never found in the lowlands, but which seem to grow best in those shaded spots where the snow has lain longest during the winter. Saint Ludmilla is always blessed and thanked when such a patch is located.

She is invoked, too, on that gay and colourful day at the end of the summer term when the first icy wind blows down from the Sareiserjoch, the high camp breaks up and the cattle move out through the tunnel at Steg cut through a quarter of a mile of solid rock and descend to the flatlands by the Rhine below.

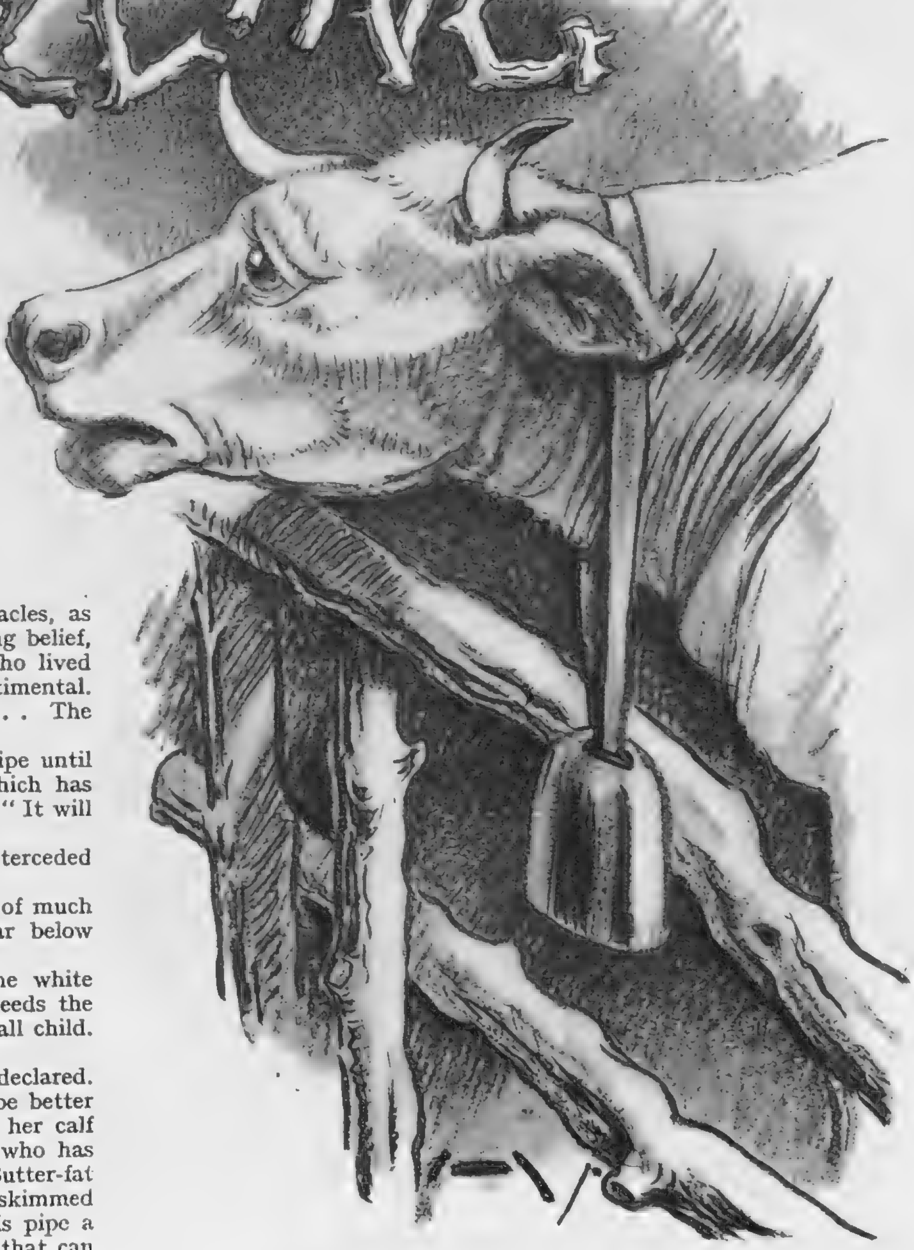
It is a day of festivity, ancient custom and ceremony, for the cattle emerge from the tunnel garlanded, beribboned in gay colours; the best milkers and butter-givers have their milking-stools festooned with colours bound to their heads, while the champion cow of all is given the honour of leading the procession down, a huge black bell decorated with silver stars booming about her neck. From Vaduz and all the little towns below, the people come out and climb the mountain, crowding round the tunnel's mouth and lining the route to see which will be the best cow of the year and which will have won the honour of the milking-stool, or the more modest hearts or crosses to be nailed over barn-doors.

All this is under the jurisdiction of Saint Ludmilla. Indeed, her connection with such matters is plain for all to see, since beneath her feet there is affixed the whitened skull and greyish horns of what once must have been a rather small cow.

It is the skull, actually, of the Weakling, the central figure of a miracle that happened there more than a hundred years ago. All those connected with the event are long since dead: Alois, the bearded, hard-headed chief herdsman, and his brown-haired daughter, Ludmilla, who was then only seven and named after the Saint; Father Polda, the mountain priest, chaplain of Steg, and all the herdsmen, milkers and natives who witnessed it. But the story is remembered in Liechtenstein, partly handed down from mother to son; partly in a version in an old mountain song; finally in a bundle of yellowed sheets left by Father Polda in the tiny chapel at Steg.

Perhaps it was not exactly as I am about to recount. But the last time I visited the shrine I made my peace with Saint Ludmilla and asked in advance to be forgiven should I err. The expression carved on her countenance seemed to me tender and reassuring, as though she knew that I too love these gentle and generous animals who are her particular charge and have tried to do my best by one of them . . . PAUL GALLICO

THE WEAKLING



Sainted Ludmilla, milkmaid without blame,
Make flow rich milk in Holy Maria's name,
Fill every udder; speak thy word,
To grace our beasts and bless our herd . . .

Father Polda smiled in the darkness. None of the saints had been left out. A big, generous man, he was meticulous with regard to the catalogue of the holy, and even though those whose duty it was to deal with witches and dragons might be thought to have been outmoded by the modernity that was coming to the mountains, he was glad they were still included for politeness sake and memory of past favours, if nothing else. Father Polda was a man of great and simple faith who believed in intercession, the force of prayer, and miracles, as opposed to chief herdsman Alois, who, though professing belief, was hard-headed and, as might be expected of one who lived out in the open and dealt with kine, practical and unsentimental.

Father Polda said: "It has been a good summer. . . . The Holy Notburga has done her work well . . ."

Alois grunted in the dark and lit his long, curved pipe until the sparks flew. "There has been plenty of rain which has made the pasturage rich and the yield good," he said. "It will be better than last year."

"Thanks be to God and Saint Ludmilla, who has interceded for us."

Alois grunted again. "Saint Ludmilla has not been of much help to Johann Vospelt's weakling. Her yield is far below average. He was cheated when he bought that one."

"Ah," said Father Polda, "the little one with the white muzzle and the ribs showing. It is a pity, Johann needs the money. He has not been well. He has a wife and small child. They spent all their savings to buy the cow."

"She is hardly worth taking to pasture," Alois declared. "She costs more than she can repay. Vospelt would be better off to butcher and sell her. She could not even feed her calf properly. I put it to Schadler's Luzerner champion, who has enough for a dozen such. There is a beast for you. Butter-fat 30 per cent., second yield of cream after the first is skimmed and cheeses that weigh like stones." He puffed at his pipe a moment and added: "There is no animal in the herd that can

(Continued overleaf)

touch her. She is practically certain to lead the procession for the second year, for there is hardly more than a week left."

Father Polda did not reply at once, but sat hugging his knees under the black cassock, a huge, fair-haired lump of a man crouched by the fireside, looking up into the starry sky, behind which were all his friends, and reflecting. Finally, he said in a voice that was singularly soft and gentle to emerge from such a giant:

"How unhappy the little weakling must be. How miserable and wretched. I shall say a prayer for her."

Alois turned and stared at the priest over his pipe. "An animal has no feelings. Pray that Johann Vospelt gets rid of her before she costs him more than she has already."

But Father Polda was right, and Alois was wrong. The little Weakling was most miserable and unhappy indeed. For she was consumed by the hopeless desire to win the right to have her milking-stool bedecked with gaily-coloured ribbons tied to her head at the summer's end.

It is doubtful whether she had dared dream of leading the

procession down from the mountain-side, wearing the laurel wreath and the big, black bell, for such was far beyond the capacities of a small, not-too-well-bred cow.

But that spring, when, with the others of the mixed herd owned by the poorer peasants, she had made her slow, toilsome way up the mountain, through the tunnel and into the high pasturage, she was sure that at the very least she could earn a crimson heart or cross for her owner, and what her simple, gentle soul yearned for most dearly was the decoration of the milking-stool to wear upon her head.

But the sad truth, as she and the herdsmen soon learned, was that she was not very strong and her capacity limited. She was small and thin, and on the whole not to be compared with the huge, sturdy Alpine breeds from whom the milk fairly poured in great, warm, frothy, fragrant streams. Her health was not of the best and there were days when she gave no milk at all.

She was not particularly handsome, lacking the broad head, wide-set eyes and long, curling eyelashes that gave the others the look of slightly ageing beauty queens. She was taupe-coloured, but darker and muddier in shade, thin-flanked and high-legged, and differed further from the others by her white muzzle, which made her look even paler and more delicate.

The Weakling tried very hard to be successful, but to little avail. As the weeks passed, she fell further and further behind in her yield. And the more she strained and fretted, the less she seemed to be able to produce.

She took her work seriously, eating heartily, cropping the long, sweet grass indefatigably; she did not take too much exercise, or go climbing to higher pastures which might have disturbed her digestive processes; she lay quietly in the shade on hot afternoons, ruminating upon what it would be like to be crowned with the milking-stool and cheered and acclaimed by the people; she chewed her cud carefully; she spent long hours thinking the proper thoughts about motherhood and the responsibility of producing milk.

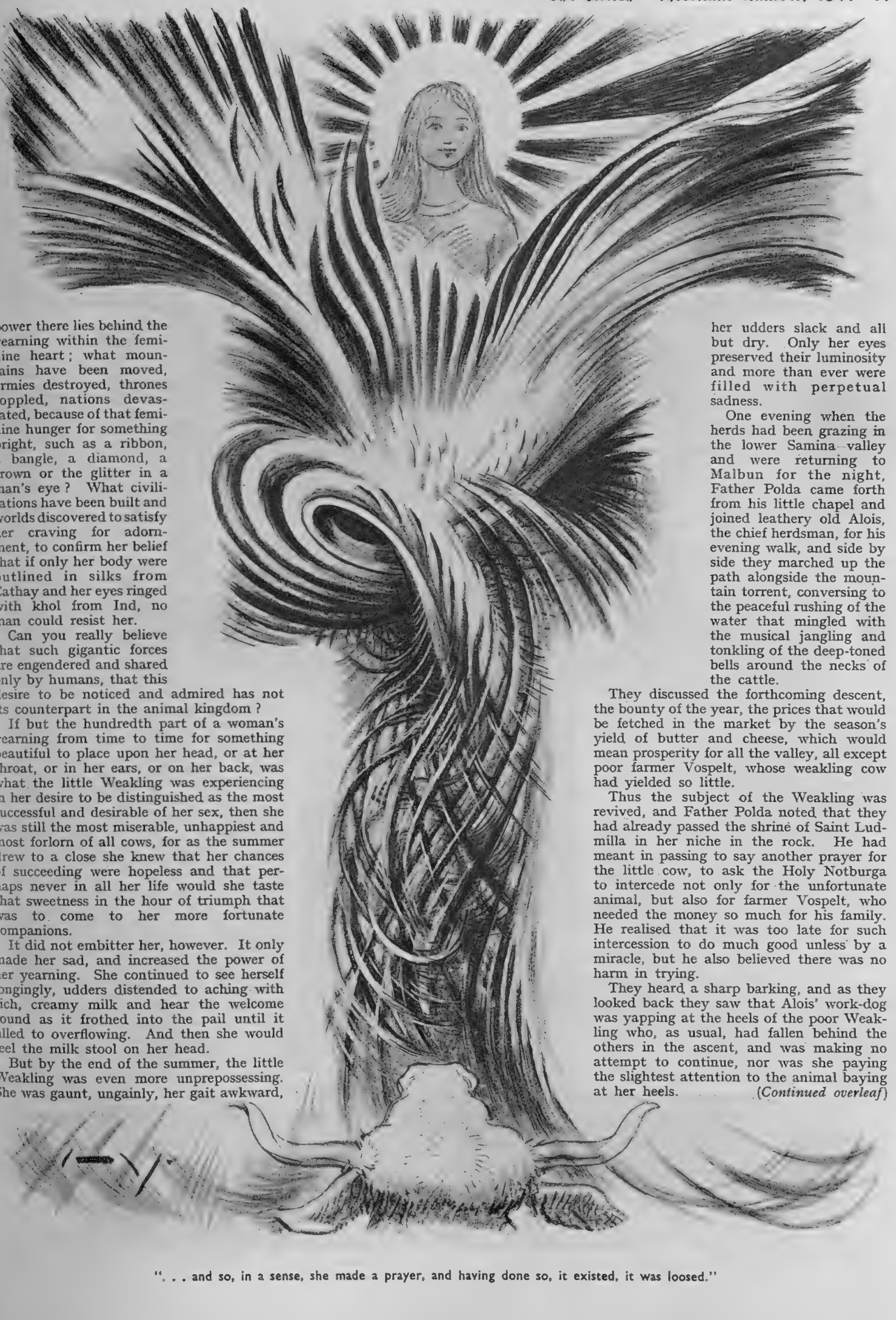
But no matter how hard she tried she could not seem to succeed. When the milker came around to her and pegged his one-legged stool into the clay floor of the stable, he would say: "*Ach*, it is hardly worth while to bring the pail to you, poor little weakling." Nevertheless, he would milk her out of kindness, for he was a good man, but the result would be no more than a third of a pail, or perhaps even less as the season wore on, with no froth or body to it, but, instead, a thin, bluish liquid that was deemed fit only to give to the pigs and chickens.

And the little weakling would oft-times turn her head and eye the slender, hand-turned milking-stool, and so great was her yearning that she could almost feel what it would be like to have the seat touch her forehead between her small horns and hear the rustle of the gaily-coloured ribbons as they bound it there. For hours afterwards, as she stood in her stall, the spot on her brow between the horns would ache with longing for the contact.

The reason that the Weakling so greatly desired the reward of the milking-stool was that she was feminine and through no fault of her own had been denied the physique and constitution that would enable her to play the part for which she had been put on earth. She yearned to give lavishly the sweet milk that humans craved for their children and for themselves; she wished to see herself the creator of tubs of creamy butter and round cannon-balls of heavy yellow cheeses that would bring wealth to her owner. And, female-like, she desired that adornment on the final day which turned the plainest of cows—which she had the misfortune to be—into the most ravishing creature. Capped with the milking-stool, garlanded with paper flowers of all colours, beribboned in maroon and blue, she was sure she would please every eye and would arouse the admiration and appreciation of all.

You who believe that animals are dumb and incapable of reason or emotions similar to those experienced by humans will, of course, continue to do so. I ask you only to think of the yearning and heartache that is the lot of the poor and not-so-favoured woman, as she stares through the glass of the shop-window at a gay or appealing Easter hat, or a particularly fetching frock, or the sheerest of stockings, or a pair of shoes with little bows that seem to dance all by themselves, lovable articles, desirable articles, magic articles out of her reach since she can neither buy them nor earn them as a gift, yet articles that she knows would transform her in a moment from someone drab and unnoticed, to a sparkling queen, a ravishing beauty that would draw all eyes to her, or, if not all eyes, then at least a few, and if not a few, then just one pair of eyes, and in the end, the only pair that mattered.

How deep and melancholy is the wish to be beautiful and loved, to be lauded and admired, praised and desired. What



power there lies behind the yearning within the feminine heart; what mountains have been moved, armies destroyed, thrones toppled, nations devastated, because of that feminine hunger for something bright, such as a ribbon, a bangle, a diamond, a crown or the glitter in a man's eye? What civilisations have been built and worlds discovered to satisfy her craving for adornment, to confirm her belief that if only her body were outlined in silks from Cathay and her eyes ringed with khol from Ind, no man could resist her.

Can you really believe that such gigantic forces are engendered and shared only by humans, that this desire to be noticed and admired has not its counterpart in the animal kingdom?

If but the hundredth part of a woman's yearning from time to time for something beautiful to place upon her head, or at her throat, or in her ears, or on her back, was what the little Weakling was experiencing in her desire to be distinguished as the most successful and desirable of her sex, then she was still the most miserable, unhappiest and most forlorn of all cows, for as the summer drew to a close she knew that her chances of succeeding were hopeless and that perhaps never in all her life would she taste that sweetness in the hour of triumph that was to come to her more fortunate companions.

It did not embitter her, however. It only made her sad, and increased the power of her yearning. She continued to see herself longingly, udders distended to aching with rich, creamy milk and hear the welcome sound as it frothed into the pail until it filled to overflowing. And then she would feel the milk stool on her head.

But by the end of the summer, the little Weakling was even more unprepossessing. She was gaunt, ungainly, her gait awkward, her udders slack and all but dry. Only her eyes preserved their luminosity and more than ever were filled with perpetual sadness.

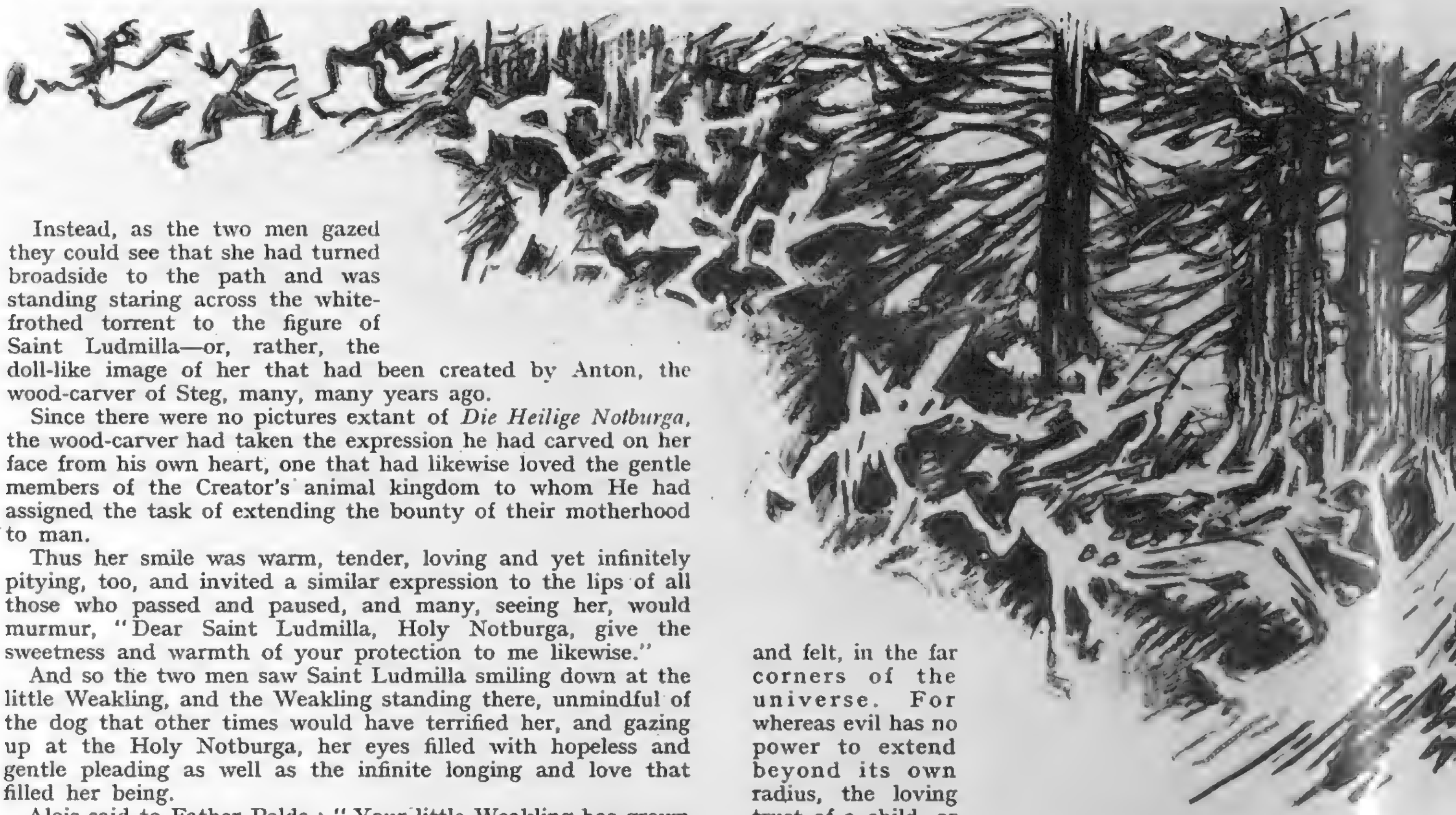
One evening when the herds had been grazing in the lower Samina valley and were returning to Malbun for the night, Father Polda came forth from his little chapel and joined leathery old Alois, the chief herdsman, for his evening walk, and side by side they marched up the path alongside the mountain torrent, conversing to the peaceful rushing of the water that mingled with the musical jangling and tonkling of the deep-toned bells around the necks of the cattle.

They discussed the forthcoming descent, the bounty of the year, the prices that would be fetched in the market by the season's yield of butter and cheese, which would mean prosperity for all the valley, all except poor farmer Vospelt, whose weakling cow had yielded so little.

Thus the subject of the Weakling was revived, and Father Polda noted that they had already passed the shrine of Saint Ludmilla in her niche in the rock. He had meant in passing to say another prayer for the little cow, to ask the Holy Notburga to intercede not only for the unfortunate animal, but also for farmer Vospelt, who needed the money so much for his family. He realised that it was too late for such intercession to do much good unless by a miracle, but he also believed there was no harm in trying.

They heard a sharp barking, and as they looked back they saw that Alois' work-dog was yapping at the heels of the poor Weakling who, as usual, had fallen behind the others in the ascent, and was making no attempt to continue, nor was she paying the slightest attention to the animal baying at her heels. *(Continued overleaf)*

"... and so, in a sense, she made a prayer, and having done so, it existed, it was loosed."



Instead, as the two men gazed they could see that she had turned broadside to the path and was standing staring across the white-frothed torrent to the figure of Saint Ludmilla—or, rather, the doll-like image of her that had been created by Anton, the wood-carver of Steg, many, many years ago.

Since there were no pictures extant of *Die Heilige Notburga*, the wood-carver had taken the expression he had carved on her face from his own heart, one that had likewise loved the gentle members of the Creator's animal kingdom to whom He had assigned the task of extending the bounty of their motherhood to man.

Thus her smile was warm, tender, loving and yet infinitely pitying, too, and invited a similar expression to the lips of all those who passed and paused, and many, seeing her, would murmur, "Dear Saint Ludmilla, Holy Notburga, give the sweetness and warmth of your protection to me likewise."

And so the two men saw Saint Ludmilla smiling down at the little Weakling, and the Weakling standing there, unmindful of the dog that other times would have terrified her, and gazing up at the Holy Notburga, her eyes filled with hopeless and gentle pleading as well as the infinite longing and love that filled her being.

Alois said to Father Polda : " Your little Weakling has grown impatient waiting for your prayers." He laughed good-humouredly. " It looks as though she has decided to ask Saint Ludmilla to intercede for her herself. She 's gone one ahead of you, Father."

But Father Polda was not amused, for the saints and prayer was something he took seriously, and he rebuked Alois angrily for levity verging on blasphemy.

" The Heavenly Father takes all animals, both great and small, under His shelter," he said, " but He did not give them the capacity to pray. That is for us to do for them, else He would have bestowed upon them the power of speech. You should not joke about such matters."

Alois, who, for all of his hard-headedness, was a believer and who also was a little afraid of Father Polda, mumbled in his square, brown beard that he had not meant to give offence, whistled up his dog and they turned up the mountain path again and soon the little Weakling came trotting after.

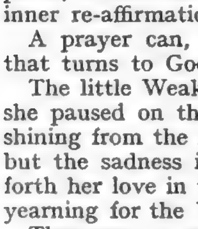
But this time it was perhaps Father Polda who was wrong, and the herdsman who could have been right.

For a prayer need not be a rhetorical address, or an itemised petition, or lips moved soundlessly inside a cathedral, or even words spoken into the air. A prayer may be a wordless inner longing, a sudden outpouring of love, a yearning within the soul to be but for a moment united with the infinite and the good, a humbleness that needs no abasement or speech to express, a cry in the darkness for help when all seems lost, a song, a poem, a kind deed, a reaching for beauty, or the strong, quiet, inner re-affirmation of faith.

A prayer can, in fact, be anything that is created of God that turns to God.

The little Weakling did not know that she was praying when she paused on the path, her eyes caught by the bright object shining from the niche in the rocks. She was aware of nothing but the sadness in her being and unutterable longing to pour forth her love in the shape of milk and thereafter to satisfy her yearning for the beribboned milking-stool to be given her.

There was no way she could express or articulate this hunger, but it was particularly strong that evening as she returned with her udders almost flat. The figure in the rocks caught her gentle eyes. She turned to it in the moment when it seemed as though her unhappiness and shame would overwhelm her, and she stood there trembling with the intensity of her desire to be as all the others and know the joy of giving as well as receiving.



And so, in a sense, she made a prayer, and having done so, it existed, it was loosed. It was directed at the figure of the one whose love and duty called for her to intercede at the throne ; and as with all prayers that arise from the sincere and loving heart, it was both heard and felt, in the far corners of the universe. For whereas evil has no power to extend beyond its own radius, the loving trust of a child, or the whispered confession of a sincere and tender heart can alter the stars in their courses. The gentle plea of a maid, asking for a bit of ribbon or cambric for her hair, rings as loudly as the Cardinal's Latin in the outer spaces of time or thought, whence destiny is directed.

Surely you do not think that God is angry at the desires of His creatures to win affection and appear beautiful and desirable in the eyes of others ? For He Himself loves beauty since He created so much of it on the face of the earth in both man and beast. And who but He caused the peasants of Liechtenstein to think of something so gay, innocent and charming as the wreathing of their beasts with laurel and garlands when the year's harvest was garnered, and crowning them with the insignia of their gentle serviture, the milking-stool ?

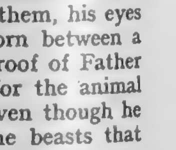
Far from it. His heart must have been touched when advised by Saint Ludmilla of the plight of the poor little Weakling. Man sometimes encounters or creates difficulties for himself in bringing himself into harmony with the God in whom he believes. Not so with the beasts of the field and forest, the waters and the air. They have never strayed as far from the infinite. They are always attuned. It is so much easier for them to return.

It was the next day that Alois decided to take the cattle for the last time up to the highest pasture, just below the Sareiserjoch, where the green slopes are watered by crystal springs that gush from the rocks.

As the herdsman and dogs marshalled the beasts for the climb, for the pasture lay a thousand feet above them, his eyes fell upon the Weakling, and he found himself torn between a mixture of annoyance as he remembered the reproof of Father Polda, administered the night before, and pity for the animal that was so thin and generally ill-favoured, for even though he was hard-headed and unsentimental, he loved the beasts that had been entrusted to his care, and watched over them.

As he looked, he thought of the long climb and the poor condition of the beast, as well as the plight of farmer Vospelt should the animal die on the heights and have to be sold for what her hide would bring for leather. And, too, there was the celebration and descent to be thought of, now less than a week away. It would be foolish to take chances, for it was a part of the custom that if during the season there was an accident, or one of the animals died, the ceremony of the milking-stools, the ribbons and the gay decorations was dispensed with for that year.

He said to the herdsmen : " Let her be, the little Weakling. She is not worth taking to the high pasture now. She is out of the running for the prizes, anyway. Let her remain down here where she will be safe."



And then he called to his youngest daughter, aged seven, who was playing

near by and who, too, was named Ludmilla after *Die Heilige Notburga*: "Ludmilla, come here. Look after the little Weakling to-day and see that she comes to no harm. She is to remain behind. Do not let her stray out of your sight and see that she is back in the stall by sun-down."

And with that the dogs were set to work, the herdsmen cried "Heuh!" Beasts and drovers set off up the mountain

Little Ludmilla had brown legs and arms, a brown face and brown hair, but her eyes were as blue as the cornflowers and wild delphinium that grew in the mountain meadows. She went at once and put her arms around the little Weakling's neck and laid her cheek next its soft, white muzzle, and then, taking hold of the end of her halter, marched off with her, with the Weakling following on docilely behind, her bell giving off a musical clang with every other step she took.

Some children would have been desolate at having their day's play upset by such a peremptory order to take charge of a derelict animal that was not good for much of anything, but Ludmilla was pleased, for she had for a long time wished to go into the dark glen at the foot of the Bettlerjoch, a short distance away, to look for elves which she was sure lived there.

She was afraid to go alone, for there might be other things there as well, such as witches, or little hairy, wild men with peaked hats and long noses and ears who hid behind rocks with only the tips of their ears and the points of their hats showing; or even, perhaps, a small dragon.

But with the little cow along as her companion, her bronze bell tinkling loudly to frighten away any evil spirits, and her warm and comforting presence there and the halter to cling to, Ludmilla felt no fear at all, and soon child and beast were lost to sight as they left the little community at Malbun and took the path towards Gritsch and the deep, wild glen at the bottom of the Bettlerjoch.

The sturdy brown legs took the child over a winding Alpine road that soon plunged into a dark pine forest. Soon they came to a spot where the path split in two and on the right descended sharply into a dark and rocky ravine, where fallen trees were tumbled like jackstraws and the boulders

(*Continued on page* 37)

"The elves were there in the form of splinters of sunlight . . . filtering through the greenery, dappling the leaves of the trees, and the child pursued them deeper and deeper into the ravine until they vanished in the darkness of tumbled rock or cave, or dense pines where the sun no longer penetrated."

A Night at the Harlequinade

by J. C. Trewin

(Paintings by John Armstrong and Duncan Grant)

HE had been sitting quietly in the late December day, turning over the books from the second shelf, which was about as tall as he was. Nothing much here to excite him: a long row of half-calf bindings, with little inside the calf—little, that is, to attract a ten-year-old. Now and again a small puff of dust eddied from a book as he dragged it laboriously open and flattened its stiff leaves. Apparently there could be little here to attract a forty-year-old, or whatever age his uncle was: at any rate, it must be something fabulous, for it was well known that nobody lived beyond forty-five. . . . . Wait a minute! Did they? Noah, he supposed, might have done. Or Moses. Or Methuselah, of course. He yawned slightly, closed a more-than-usually dusty book that called itself *A History of the Commedia dell' Arte* and dragged out another.

He was still pondering on his uncle's age when he whisked over a page of the volume before him: a cumbersome, greenish book, with tiny print, pages in double-column, and a host of crude, scratchy engravings. From one page a few lines started:

. . . with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah ha! to the devil . . .

He read it over again; it did not mean very much. Nothing did this evening; nothing ever did while one was waiting to go out. And then, too, the book was by Shakespeare and everyone knew how dull Shakespeare could be. He had been taken during the summer—on a fine evening, too, which aggravated the injury—to a reading of *Julius Cæsar* at the Working Men's Institute, and dreary it was. He knew his Aunt Margaret and the doctor and the bank manager perfectly well, and he could not be persuaded that the doctor and the bank manager would ever run about the town "waving their red weapons o'er their heads." He was asking himself vaguely what might happen if they did, when the mantelshelf clock struck warningly in its marble tomb.

It was half-past six. Time to go. Here were his mother and his uncle and Aunt Margaret. (Father was away at sea, on the China run.) The pantomime would begin at seven; quickly they packed themselves into the carriage and rattled off through the frosty evening, down the steep, slippery hill by the ash plantation, around the bend, where you could see the ships' lanterns gleaming on the estuary below, and then, sharply right-handed, to the town and through four streets to the Theatre.

It was not a very good theatre and it could never be. It was a small place, snug enough with its gilt and its crimson plush and its mirrored walls: good enough for a remote, small town in the late 1860's, but not the kind of theatre they would have in the far splendours of London: one of your Haymarkets or Covent Gardens, Drury Lanes or Lyceums, about which the boy had only read. He knew nothing of them except their names. To him a theatre was a theatre, a place where all glory shone, though for him it could shine only once a year, as it would to-night. It was the Christmas pantomime of *The Babes in the Wood*; and the boy listened to it, as usual entranced, while the hours passed, the orchestra tinkled and scraped, the scenes slid into each other in the glow of the gaslight, the comedians tossed their puns—

"Is 't Robin Hood that comes, so bold and good?"
"Disguised, my dear: he wears his robbin' hood!"—

the singers sang, the tumblers tumbled, and at last, the night nearly over (and the boy's eyelids beginning to droop), the comic-sentimental onrush of the Harlequinade clattered across the boards. There was the familiar street scene. There were Columbine and Harlequin. There was Pantaloon. And there, too, was something the boy had not seen before: a little group of clowns, odd clowns, in their tight-fitting costumes, one red, one a lemon-yellow, one parti-coloured, one a pale mauve, flitting and parading under the bright gas-globe on the back wall. In their hands they held what seemed to be short wooden swords. And as the boy watched, drowsily, the spinning and somersaulting, the antics of the strange grotesques, he wondered whether these might be the "daggers of lath" he had read about.

If so, then surely the Devil must be along soon, horns and tail and pitchfork? He shuddered a little, wrinkled his nostrils expectantly—where was the smell of sulphur?—and moved as near to Aunt Margaret as the arm of the seat would let him. Too late for the child to be up, she was thinking. Never mind: this would soon be over; fortunate that it was only once a year. The head was slipping nearer to her arm. On the stage now the clowns had gone, and Columbine was flickering, a whirl of white tarlatan, in the silver blink of the moon.

At that moment it did not appear to him that the stage was moonlit. Nor did he seem to be in a theatre. He was not sure where he was; but at last (so he decided, after peering anxiously once more)—at last he had got his bearings: he was looking down from the warm, rough stone balcony of a tall house upon what he gathered was some form of town square. He had never known anything like it before; and he did not wholly believe what he saw. Still, there it was in its bold contrast of sun and shadow, violet shadow, tawny-gold ground.

Above, a few clouds feathered a clear, luminous sky. In the background there rose what appeared to him to be a tall gateway with a great blazon, a ceremonial design, above the central arch. And behind it were the shapes of trees, and between them the bowl of a sunlit, shimmering fountain, with the water jetting from it and falling like a tissue of silver lace. Nearer were two big buildings, private houses, he supposed—though they looked like nothing he was familiar with at home, Western Terrace or Albert Road—shining old-gold in this hot, noonday sun.

But he did not look at the buildings for long. Things were happening nearer to him: surprising things. A white horse, with trappings of yellow and crimson and a headpiece of tall, white plumes, was curveting in front of him. On its back was a strange figure in the red-and-gold diamonded costume of Harlequin, with a broad white collar and a cat-faced black mask. In his right hand he held a hoop which he waved to the boy looking down from the sunny balcony. Harlequin seemed to be giving no attention to events around him, though enough was happening.

On the left-hand side of the square—or was it a stage?; the boy could not be sure—somebody had reared a ladder against a tall, orange house. On top of it a gallant-looking fellow in a red skull-cap, streaming cloak, violet shirt, green knee-breeches and silken stockings, was presumably helping a girl in a powdered wig and a billowing dress to climb over the sill, and down the ladder. At the foot of the ladder a white-bearded, white-eyebrowed elder, peculiarly dressed—he seemed to have come out, thought the boy, in a night-cap and some loose trousered garment—was watching a very assured person, long-nosed and long-haired, carrying a gun and with a jaunty reddish hat, as he gesticulated to a Lady of Fashion in the doorway. She wore green and wine-red, her eyes were masked, she had a fan in her left hand, and a plume rose from her piled golden hair. In front of the group stalked an uncommonly proud cockerel.

The boy could not understand what was going on across the way. There was another orange-walled house. A pair of women, one purplish-feathered, one hiding her eyes behind a striped fan, stood prominently at an upper window. Here, too, there was a ladder. On it a very odd pair of musicians—one with a clown's painted face—scraped and plucked at musical instruments. Other figures skirmished in the foreground; but the boy had eyes only for a monkey, with a looped question-mark tail, that crouched at the edge of the shadow, ready—if its owner would let him—to pounce across the sun-bright central square.

A voice behind the boy said: "There! You know who they are, don't you?" He shook his head. How should he know? "But they are speaking," said the voice. "Just listen to them!" The boy looked again. Certainly lips were moving, but he could not catch a word: he had not the remotest idea what was happening, except that he felt he had met these people before—but where and how he could not recall.

"They are the people of the *Commedia dell' Arte*," went on the voice. That was a silly phrase now: he had met it earlier, though he could not say when. The voice trailed on:

"Yes; don't you see Arlecchino on his horse, the Capitano on the left, Pedrolino in the background, Colombino at the window, all the clowns? . . . Don't you see them? Can't you hear them? They are inventing their play as they go on."

The boy looked on helplessly. Probably it was a very good play; he had not the clue to it. He knew only that he was very, very sleepy, that the sun was very, very hot. Where was he? And the voice answered his thought by purring: "Italy! Italy!"

(Continued overleaf)

From the painting by John Armstrong.

"... *flitting and parading under the bright gas-globe on the back wall.*"

From the painting by Duncan Grant.

"A white horse, with trappings of yellow and crimson and a headpiece of tall, white plumes, was curveting in front of him. On its back was a strange figure in the red-and-gold diamonded costume of Harlequin. . . . In his right hand he held a hoop which he waved . . ."

A Night at the Harlequinade (contd.)

Italy, was it? How did he get there, and what did he know about it? The Leaning Tower of Pisa; Venice, with canals for streets; *Horatius*, last term's school poem . . . But it was a long way to Italy, a long way from home. He yawned, and as he yawned the bright colours began to fade. It was as if the sun were going out. The fountain was still playing, but it was distant now, blurred as though a gauze curtain had dropped before it. And the curveting horse—it occurred to him suddenly that the horse had not changed its position while he watched—and the strange company gathered around, and the women in the windows: all had dimmed, their golds and greens and scarlet, their topaz and damask and plum—how did he know these colours, anyway?—melting into what must surely be a thundercloud darkness. And here, undeniably, was the rattle of thunder.

He blinked himself awake. He was looking on another scene now. Before him Pantaloon, Harlequin, Columbine, Clown and the rest were lined up on a theatre stage, bowing to the applause. His aunt was clapping beside him. It was all very dark, he thought, dazzled from the southern sunlight. The little orchestra moved into *God Save the Queen*; in a moment the theatre was emptying, and they were out in the sharp, starry night where the horses' breath steamed, and the twin oaks on High Godolphin, seen far away in the distance, beyond the end of the street, stood out against a cold, full moon.

"It was so hot in Italy," he murmured sleepily to Aunt Margaret. As she thought, it had been too much for the boy.

. . . .

"You didn't see much of the Harlequinade last night," said Aunt Margaret at breakfast next morning. "There you were, sleeping away and babbling about Italy."

"Didn't you see the string of sausages?" asked his uncle.

"And the shopkeeper slipping on the butter?" said his mother.

"And the red-hot poker," they all said, "and the pail of paste? You're a fine fellow to take to the pantomime!"

He had to explain. "But I saw a lot," he said with dignity. "There was the fountain. And the man on the white horse. And the ladders, and the ladies above, and the sunshine, and——"

"You'd better write the next pantomime yourself," said his uncle. "You make it up as you go along."

"Yes," the boy said, "that's just what they did." And as he looked out on the bare, wintry garden behind his uncle's head he saw a white horse caracoling against the sky, with Harlequin in his cat-faced mask and his bright silk.

"Who did?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"There!" he said, pointing. And they agreed, when he had gone out to play, that the boy was getting too imaginative altogether; it was probably the books he had been reading over Christmas. "I have *never* known a boy sleep through a Harlequinade," said his uncle. And his mother and Aunt Margaret sadly shook their heads.

THE END.

From the painting by Adrian Hill, R.B.A.

"CIRCUS ACT"

Since the end of the eighteenth century, when Philip Astley's riding school-cum-music house achieved tremendous popularity in London, the circus has been part of the English way of life. Astley's show retained much of the ancient dignity of horsemanship, a traditional circus entertainment that dates back to Roman times. To-day the accent is on individual and troupe acts, aerialists and gymnasts, acrobats and clowns, and Adrian Hill's *Circus Act* captures the spirit of the Big Top as we know it—a lone, spot-lighted figure, performing far above the heads of an enthralled crowd.

Doll's Anthology

★

Your Doll and My Doll

(Victorian Song)

Louisa : " *My doll opens and shuts her eyes :*
That is more than yours can do :
My dear, if you but knew
The constant pleasure, the glad surprise
When dolly opens and shuts her eyes,
You 'd never wish to cuddle and hug
A doll that 's cut from the end of a rug :
A rag in a bag,
That 's all it is :
Now look at my *dolly ! O look at this !* "

Lucy : " *I have no desire to look, my dear :*
But we 're sorry for you,
For what can you do
But put it away in a drawer, I fear,
And forget that ever you held it dear ?
My doll 's a lady ! But yours—just think
Of loving a doll that 's taught to wink !
A pert little flirt,
That 's all it is :
Now look at my *dolly ! O look at this !* "

J. T. Rudyard.

The Dolls' Dressmaker

(*from Our Mutual Friend*)

The little figure went on with its work of gumming or glueing together with a camel's-hair brush certain pieces of cardboard and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes. The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them ; and the bright scraps of velvet and silk and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that when duly stuffed (and stuffing too was there), she had to cover them smartly. The dexterity of her nimble fingers was remarkable, and, as she brought two thin edges accurately together by giving them a little bite, she would glance at the visitors out of the corners of her grey eyes with a look that out-sharpened all her other sharpness.

" You can't tell me the name of my trade, I 'll be bound," she said.

" You make pincushions," said Charley.

" What else do I make ? "

" Pen-wipers," said Bradley Headstone.

" Ha ! Ha ! What else do I make ? You 're a schoolmaster, but you can't tell me."

" You do something," he returned, pointing to a corner of the little bench, " with straw ; but I don't know what."

" Well done you ! " cried the person of the house. " I only make pincushions and pen-wipers to use up my waste. But my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw ? "

" Dinner-mats."

" A schoolmaster, and says dinner-mats ! I 'll give you a clue to my trade, in a game of forfeits. I love my love with a B because she 's Beautiful ; I hate my love with a B because she is Brazen ; I took her to the sign of the Blue Boar and treated her with Bonnets ; her name 's Bouncer, and she lives in Bedlam. Now what do I make with my straw ? "

" Ladies' bonnets ? "

" Fine ladies," said the person of the house, nodding assent. " I 'm a dolls' dressmaker."

" I hope it 's a good business ? "

The person of the house shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. " No. Poorly paid. And I 'm often so pressed for time. I had a doll married, last week, and was obliged to work all night. And it 's not good for me. . . ."

The schoolmaster said : " I 'm sorry your fine ladies are so inconsiderate."

" It 's the way with them," said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders again. " And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she 's enough to ruin her husband ! "

" Are you always as busy as you are now ? "

" Busier. I 'm slack just now. I finished a large mourning order the day before yesterday. Doll I work for lost a canary-bird." The person of the house gave another little laugh, and then nodded her head several times, as who should moralise, " Oh this world, this world ! "

Charles Dickens.

Jane's Doll

(*from Jane Ayre*)

I sat with my doll on my knee, till the fire got low, glancin round occasionally to make sure that nothing worse than mysel haunted the shadowy room ; and when the embers sank to a dul red, I undressed hastily, tugging at knots and strings as I be might, and sought shelter from cold and darkness in my cril To this crib I always took my doll ; human beings must lov something, and, in the dearth of worthier objects of affection, contrived to find a pleasure in loving and cherishing a fade graven image, shabby as a miniature scarecrow. It puzzles n now to remember with what absurd sincerity I doted on this litt toy, half fancying it alive and capable of sensation. I could no sleep unless it was folded in my night-gown ; and when it la there safe and warm, I was comparatively happy, believing i to be happy likewise.

Charlotte Brontë.

Song

(from the Water Babies)

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears ;
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled :
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley.

From the painting by Mrs. Marjorie Mammatt.

DOLL'S CHRISTMAS

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

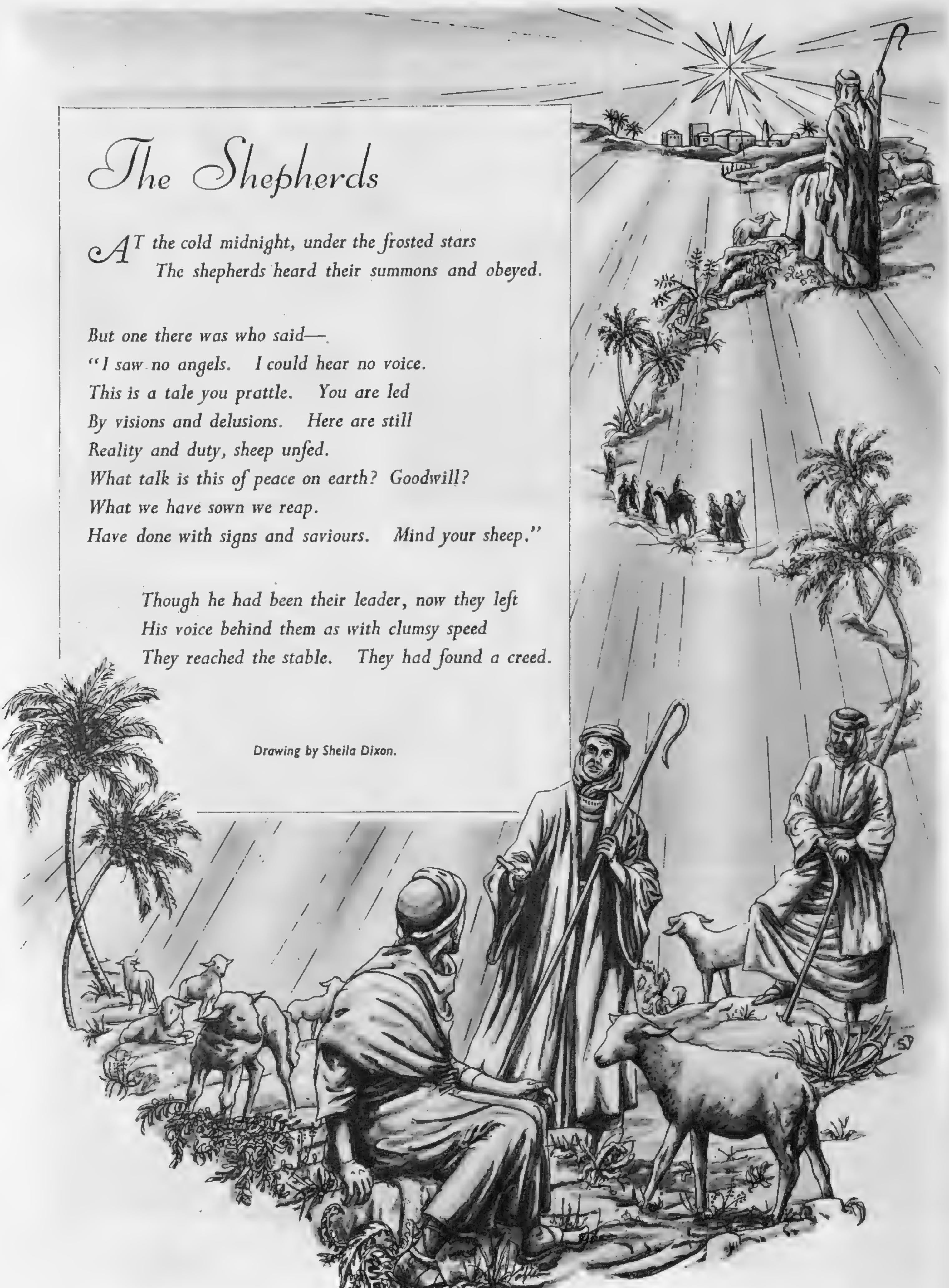
The Shepherds

AT the cold midnight, under the frosted stars
The shepherds heard their summons and obeyed.

But one there was who said—
"I saw no angels. I could hear no voice.
This is a tale you prattle. You are led
By visions and delusions. Here are still
Reality and duty, sheep unfed.
What talk is this of peace on earth? Goodwill?
What we have sown we reap.
Have done with signs and saviours. Mind your sheep."

Though he had been their leader, now they left
His voice behind them as with clumsy speed
They reached the stable. They had found a creed.

Drawing by Sheila Dixon.



From the painting by Mrs. Madeline Wells, R.B.A.

MEDITERRANEAN SCENE

Royal Recompense

By Hugh Corbett

HONORÉ, Duc de Chambertin et Médoc, pulled at his grey and elegantly trimmed moustache with pale and elegantly trimmed fingers. He sat forward on his chair and leaned over the massive desk, before which stood the slightly bowed figure of Jules Lespin. The foremost expert in precious stones and a genius in their reproduction, no one in all Paris had a keener eye for values and perfection of design than Jules Lespin. His profession rendered him a diplomat as well as connoisseur. While capable of driving a shrewd bargain, he was a respecter of tradition, and his calculations were always milder toward those whose more lofty birth was now coupled with a more lowly fortune. Moreover, he had a fine understanding of the embarrassments involved when heart and finance are entangled.

It was evident to Monsieur Lespin that his noble client was ill at ease, but being familiar with delicate situations and eager to accord to the Duc a correct measure of deference, he was prepared to exhibit the most sympathetic patience.

The Duc glanced back over his shoulder, remarking that the solid door to Monsieur Lespin's private office was securely shut. His look travelled round the room noting that the heavy draperies were so arranged as to exclude the maximum of light and air. He said: "You will appreciate, Monsieur, that I am sadly embarrassed."

Monsieur Lespin bowed considerately. "If Monsieur le Duc will permit . . . ?" he murmured, and seated himself in a shabby leather wing chair. He pressed the tips of his fingers together and waited. On the desk in front of the Duc was a case of antique morocco leather much worn and scratched. Upon its surface embossed in gold were a ducal coronet and entwined initials.

"You understand," the Duc said, "that this . . . this token of Royal esteem involves not only my own honour, but that of my forbears. Our very family motto is at stake—'*Risk all for gallantry*' No Chambertin et Médoc has ever deceived—ungenerously, that is—a lady."

"Of course."

The Duc produced a key. His hand was trembling as he turned the lock and reverently opened the lid of the case. Inside, on a bed of ruby silk and velvet, reposed a collar of diamonds from which depended an uneven, pear-shaped stone of enormous size. Despite tarnishing and accumulated dirt, the jewels caught the light and twinkled with mischief and rich self-satisfaction. Slowly he pushed the case toward Monsieur Lespin, who leaned forward and permitted himself the liberty of a discreet "Ah!"

Monsieur Lespin did not touch the collar. He made a point of not touching the jewels of clients until they came into his possession. "It is indeed old," he said.

"And of incalculable value," the Duc murmured, glancing slyly at the face hovering before him.

"We trust not incalculable," Monsieur Lespin replied, with the suggestion of a smile.

"My wife . . ." the Duc began.

Monsieur Lespin instantly leaned back. "You may rely entirely upon my discretion in this matter."

"My wife is under the impression that this lovely thing is to be cleaned. She must never be disillusioned. To disillusion a woman, Monsieur, is far from gallant. Therefore, the collar must be restored in flawless perfection, and in a state of glory similar to its condition when a grateful monarch placed it about the throat of his . . . of a dutiful Duchess in the eighteenth century.

"His Majesty, Monsieur, admired her talents. Her husband was loyal to his king. When her . . . mission was accomplished she brought to the family this proud symbol of royal munificence. Ever since, it has been the conspicuous order of our royalist adherence."

Monsieur Lespin laid his head against the high back of his chair and closed his eyes. Once more his finger-tips met. "A noble and inspiring story," he said. "Throughout history nations have owed much to the sacrifices of their women."

"This collar," the Duc continued, "has experienced vicissitudes. At the time of the Revolution, when an unfortunate ancestor of mine lost his head, but, thank God, not his dignity, upon the guillotine, his wife and son escaped to England. She, poor woman, managed to secrete a few jewels, among them this collar. You will remark, Monsieur, that the Royal gift has always been guarded with the same zeal and devotion as has the ducal honour.

"Arrived in England, my ancestress fell victim to a highwayman on the road to London. He demanded her jewels, but she made a sweeter and more personal sacrifice. He, being a man of exquisite appreciation and resources, married her, lavishing upon her a fortune in jewels and cash that she was able to pass on to her son."

Monsieur Lespin sighed convulsively, and dabbed at his eyes with a handkerchief of embroidered cambric.

"During the last war the collar was hidden in the cellars of my château. It was discovered by a high-ranking German officer who, having brutishly despoiled a number of my choicer wines, was searching the cellars for items of value which his felonious instinct led him to suppose might be concealed."

Monsieur Lespin shuddered and opened his eyes. "How did you overwhelm his baser emotions?"

"My wife arranged to have him compromised with her personal maid." He shrugged. "High Nazi officers were not encouraged to fraternise with the lower classes. His Commander-in-chief was visiting the château at that time and wished to make a good impression on my wife; a woman of infinite social graces with contacts that our former enemies had an inordinate desire to exploit." He sighed. "She retrieved the collar. The Maquis acquired the officer, and narrowly missed his Commander-in-chief. Ah, well . . . !"

"Superb. What finesse!"

"And now, Monsieur . . ." The Duc broke off, pushed the cas further across the desk, and sat bolt upright, hands on thin knee "It is necessary to discuss distasteful details. The price you will charge me to reproduce these stones most faithfully," he hesitate "*most* faithfully," he emphasised, "for, above all things, my wi must not be disillusioned. And then the sum I may obtain f the sale of the originals." He bowed his head. "It is difficult admit, but I sorely need the money, and I shrink from inflicting su distress upon my wife." He looked appealingly at the gentle f opposite him. "Monsieur, you see one of your compatriots humbl as never by enemy or danger. I appeal to your generosity."

Jules Lespin leaned forward and once more studied the coll Then, raising his head, he said softly: "You are right not disillusion your wife. I will undertake the work, Monsieur le D Meanwhile, I must ponder an appropriate figure."

The Duc rose and Monsieur Lespin escorted him to the head the staircase, where an assistant took charge.

Monsieur Lespin returned to his office, picked up the jewel c and withdrew to another room. The woman who greeted him still beautiful, and dressed with impeccable elegance.

"*Dear* Honoré," she said, "he still believes they are genuin We must never disillusion him."

Monsieur Lespin placed the morocco case on a table and, using the Duc's key, opened it. "My dear Amélie, your husband is a simple man. He clings to the legends of this collar with a fierce loyalty. It would never occur to him to question Royal integrity."

The Duchesse de Chambertin et Médoc stared at the Royal gift and smiled. "*That* king, he was not very chivalrous. It does not pay women to be too trusting."

"Or men, as a rule. However, on this occasion your trusting husband will profit—thanks to you. We must arrive at a figure that will satisfy him and not arouse his suspicions."

"You know my figure, Jules."

"It is excessive, is it not, Amélie?"

"Not in view of the business that I bring you."

"It is indeed fortunate that a noble title can still command a wide range of acquaintance."

"It is even more fortunate when a noble title is combined with business acumen. To-morrow, my dear Jules, I am sending you a pretty movie queen, whose collection of jewels is fabulous. I have persuaded her that they require cleaning and that some should be reset. She knows their worth and is unlikely to have them re-appraised. She appreciates attention, Jules, so you must flatter her and her taste, for you cannot afford to be hurried. She already realises that such . . . such artistry such as yours requires time. If your skill does not desert you, dear friend, *we* shall prosper and the film-star will continue to glitter."

"It is not dishonourable to preserve the privilege of kings."

The Duchesse rose. "Ah, Jules, I will not keep you from your labours. There are busy days ahead. The Ball of Brilliants will bring to Paris a fortune in jewels. Your services will be in demand; you may rely on me. And if you are truly discriminating . . . a stone changed here, a stone there. . . . You can afford to be generous to Honoré."

She extended her hand and he raised it to his lips. "I envy the Duc, your husband," he murmured, "for I possess only your brain."

Storm in a Literary Tea-cup

By Neil Bell

JOHN RORKE & SON had built ships on Clyneside for a hundred and seventy years; but when John Rorke the Fifth came down from Oxford he had two items of unexpected news for his father: that he was engaged to be married; and that he did not propose to enter the shipyard but to adopt authorship as a career, and that he had in fact already begun his first novel.

His father welcomed the first item and swallowed the bitter pill of the second with the Rorke imperturbability. He said: "Very well, my boy; both your mother and I like Ann and think she will make you a good wife. As for authorship as a profession instead of the job the men of our family have been doing for years, I'll say only this: I propose to continue your allowance for two years; if by then you've made a success of authorship, well and good; if not, then I shall ask you to come into the yard. What do you say ? "

"I think it's a generous offer," young John said, "and I accept it."

But it was not until they had been married over a year that the novel, *Gill & Peter*, was finally completed. Messrs. Merryfield, the first publisher to whom it was submitted, expressed a tempered liking for it and offered to publish it and to pay one hundred pounds advance on account of royalties. John thought this pretty good, gladly accepted it, and he and Ann celebrated the occasion by dining at *The Savoy* and going afterwards to a show.

The foremost novelist of the day then was Arthur Horton, who had written more than a dozen famous novels, and at the age of sixty had been persuaded by his friend, Lord Penwood, to conduct a weekly book page in the Penwood London evening newspaper *The Monitor*. The page appeared each Thursday, and in it Horton wrote of the new books. Occasionally he would give up the whole page to a single book, an honour to its author that was considered in literary circles as the supreme accolade. It was said, with some truth, that praise from Arthur Horton in his *Monitor* page could rocket a book into the best-seller class; and that his dispraise could kill it stone dead.

Gill & Peter was published in the middle of May, and by the end of the month not a single review had appeared anywhere. Ann declared it was a howling disgrace to literature that such a book should be ignored. John smiled wryly, but made no comment.

Another fortnight went by and still there were no reviews. "If only Arthur Horton would review it," John said, "what a leg up it would give me. But it's unlikely he'll read it. He can't read everything. Amazes me how he was ever persuaded to take on such a job. Must spoil his own work."

The following week the two Sunday papers which devoted several pages to book reviews and publishers' advertisements each carried a sizeable advertisement for *Gill & Peter*, and under the title were two lines which the next day and many days following sent people crowding into bookshops and libraries. These lines were: *This is a magnificent novel. I have not for many years enjoyed a story so much.—Arthur Horton.*

John and Ann were still in bed when the papers came, and their little maid Janet brought them up with the tea-tray. John was for a moment dumbfounded when he opened the papers. His hand shook. The tea slopped over. In his excitement he uttered unprintable words of joy. "But it wasn't in *The Monitor*," he said; "where the devil could it have been and how did we come to miss it ? "

"Perhaps he wrote to Merryfield's," Ann said.

"They'd have let me know."

"There mightn't have been time."

"They could have rung me. But it doesn't matter. What a piece of cake."

"It's only what the book deserves," Ann said; "it's more than magnificent. It's a masterpiece, and you know it is and so does Arthur Horton. He might have said so."

"Don't crib, darling. This'll be the making of *Gill & Peter*. It'll sell fifty thousand. It'll put me right on the map."

The next day was a busy one for a number of people. Arthur Horton put through a long distance call to Merryfield's from Cornwall where he was week-ending. He wanted to know what the devil Merryfield's meant by quoting in *The Sunday Paragon* and *The Sunday Argus* an alleged opinion of his about a wretched book called *Gill & Peter* which he had never read or heard of.

Mr. James Merryfield, senior partner of Merryfield's, rang up the two newspapers and asked them what authority they had for publishing the advertisements. The papers replied that their authority was the publicity manager of Merryfield's, Mr. Henry Spalding, who had sent them the advertisements. Mr. Spalding, seen by Mr. Merryfield, declared this was rubbish, and that the advertisement people on the two papers must be mad or drunk or both.

Mr. Merryfield rang up John and asked him if he knew anything about the advertisements, and being told no, said he was making further enquiries and would ring again later. He then rang Mr. Arthur Horton, as he had already promised, and said that a grave mistake had been made by someone; that enquiries were still going on; and that he would keep Mr. Horton informed. Mr. Horton replied snappily that he was returning to London immediately; that this forging of his name was a disgraceful business; and that it would have to be probed to the bottom and the responsible people proceeded against. Mr. Merryfield assured him that everything possible was being done, put back the receiver, and wiped his face with his handkerchief. He then rang up John and asked him if he would call and see him at four that afternoon.

But at three o'clock that afternoon Mr. James Merryfield had another caller. It was Ann. She came to the point with a bluntness that would have delighted her father-in-law. "Mr. Merryfield," she said, "I sent the advertisements for John's book to the Sunday papers."

Mr. Merryfield stared at her incredulously. "But they would not have accepted them, my dear young lady," he said.

"But, you see," Ann said, "I used sheets of your stationery, and I signed the letters with Mr. Spalding's name."

"Good God ! " Mr. Merryfield said, which was the most he ever allowed himself in the way of expletive; "but that was forgery, you know."

"Well, I suppose it was, in a way," Ann said; "but something had to be done about John's book."

"'*In a way*'," Mr. Merryfield repeated feebly in a shocked voice. And then he added: "And you invented the opinion alleged to be expressed by Mr. Arthur Horton."

"Oh, no," Ann said, "I had a letter from Mr. Arthur Horton in which he said exactly those words. I have the letter with me."

"But my dear young lady," Mr. Merryfield said, "I have been on the telephone with Mr. Arthur Horton and he says he has never read *Gill & Peter*. He is, I fear, in a violent temper and is threatening proceedings. May I see the letter ? "

Ann produced the letter from a very jolly little handbag and gave it to him.

Mr. Merryfield took it and stared at it. It was hand-written on a piece of very ordinary-looking stationery. He read it through several times. It was very brief and ran: "Dear Mrs. Rorke, I have now read *Gill & Peter*. This is a magnificent novel. I have not for many years enjoyed a story so much. Yours sincerely, Arthur Horton." He looked up from the letter and said: "I am afraid, Mrs. Rorke, that this letter is a forgery. This is not Mr. Horton's writing nor is it from his address. Mr. Horton's secretary conducts all his correspondence and the letters are, of course, always typewritten."

"I expect they are," Ann said calmly; "but you see, Mr. Merryfield, this is another Mr. Arthur Horton," and she smiled at him engagingly.

Mr. Merryfield leaned back in his chair. "Another Mr. Arthur Horton," he said blankly; and then, having repeated it as if it were in some strange tongue, he added, "but there isn't another Mr. Arthur Horton."

"Oh, but there is ! " Ann laughed; "in fact there are at least four in the London Telephone Directory." She paused a moment at his bewildered stare and then she went on, "I looked through the Directory and found four. It is not a very uncommon name, you know. And I called on them. They were all rather nice, and one was a delightful old gentleman. It was he who wrote me the letter. I explained to him about *Gill & Peter* and how no one had reviewed it, and I asked him if he would read it (I had brought a copy with me), and if he liked it would he write and tell me so. He agreed and—well, he must have read it that very evening for I had his letter the next morning. So it is perfectly genuine and not a forgery at all, and the other Mr. Horton can't do anything about it."

"Good God ! I believe you're right," said Mr. Merryfield. He paused, scandalised at the thought. "Young woman," he added severely, "you've made an Aunt Sally of the whole world of book advertising."

A Gourmet's Christmas Dream

By S. Rossiter-Shepherd

I MUST say I was somewhat surprised at what happened. I can only attribute it to the sudden cold snap which had brought with it a thick carpet of snow now lying crisp and white outside; that, and the heat from the blazing logs in the old-fashioned grate of the Members' Smoke Room. Also, I was very tired. I had spent most of the afternoon in last-minute shopping, after which I had dropped into one of the club's cavernous saddlebags and shut my eyes for a minute.

Suddenly and unaccountably I found myself sitting at an oaken table in a small raftered hall. Sprigs of holly surmounted the gilt frames of old oil-paintings hanging on the walls. And around the table, set for a meal with shining silver and gleaming crystal, was a small company of gentlemen, their faces alight with anticipation.

"A Merry Christmas!" exclaimed one of them with a slight foreign accent, smiling and nodding at me. "We are about to choose our Christmas dinner, and we are in the happy position of having a dish we order placed *at once* before us, prepared by an entirely new method known as wishful cooking. Perhaps you would help us with the benefit of your advice, Sir?"

"That would be a great pleasure," I responded, "and to begin with, I suggest that we try a dozen royal natives from the Colchester beds. They are far from plentiful and a little on the expensive side, but Christmas comes but once a year . . ."

"Quite," agreed the foreign-looking gentleman. "Personally, I was wondering about some caviar *en blini*; that is, spread upon tiny buckwheat pancakes well-buttered, with a squeeze of lemon added. We could take a little vodka then," he pleaded wistfully, "and we could follow with some bortch . . ."

"That may be an excellent beginning to a Christmas dinner where you come from," I said, "but no vodka for me, Sir. I hope to taste several wines to-day, and have no intention of stunning my palate before I start; whereas, if we take oysters we can enjoy a good Pouilly, Meursault, or a Chablis from Les Clos, which, you will agree, is distinctive and delightful, and with which only a few dry white wines can compare."

One of the company remarked that there was certainly nothing to equal a dozen fat and luscious oysters straight off a bed of crushed ice sliding over a palate prepared with an *aperitif* of a not-too-dry sherry. Nor could he think of anything more delightful to give them zest than a Chablis of the palest possible amber, crisp and fresh to the taste. He added that apart from the preliminary of oysters, he was against beginning a Christmas dinner with *hors d'œuvres* at all, even though the dinner were taken in the middle of the day, as seemed to be customary on December 25th. With this I found myself in complete agreement. Not that I have anything against *hors d'œuvres* as such—on the contrary—but simply that they seem to be out of gastronomic harmony with the Yuletide spirit.

The oysters and the wine proved all that we could desire.

An Alsatian favoured a green pea soup to follow; another suggested one made from asparagus. Some, however, considered this to be just a little too fully-flavoured for our purpose, so pea soup was what we decided upon. We made our desires known to an elderly butler, who returned in a matter of moments bearing an enormous silver tureen from which exuded a most fragrant aroma. The soup was piping hot and contained a sprinkling of crisp *croutons* thrown in just before it left the kitchen. According to my neighbour from Alsace, this was exactly as it should be, and was of a kind most popular in Strasbourg, containing, among other things, *filet* of smoked ham and slices of salami chopped very small, as well as tiny rings of rich, pink Frankfurter sausage. So admirable was it all that we decided to continue in the same spirit.

We discussed for the next dish the merits of roast sirloin of beef, once the mainstay of Old England's Christmas feast. Underdone on the inside so that the blood ran on the plate, crisp and crackling on the outside, and with a touch of stinging bright yellow English mustard instead of the rather effeminate French variety, it would have gone excellently well with potatoes roast in its own fat. Or with a sauce prepared from freshly grated horseradish. With such a noble dish we could have enjoyed a claret, none better than a Château Mouton-Rothschild.

But sucking-pig, not more than three weeks old, stuffed with onions and seasoning, seemed to find equal favour. Roast on a spit before a fire of apple wood, well-basted with butter and served with apple sauce or hot currants, it all but carried the day.

Finally we elected to continue with roast goose. There may be those who consider goose does not compare with some other birds, and one does not want to eat it too often. But it has about it the authentic aura of Christmas, especially amongst the people of North-West Europe. And who can contemplate a greater thrill than savouring the first delicious portion of crisp, succulent flesh crunching on the palate like a savoury meringue. Several of the company chose to drink with it a full-bodied Burgundy, a Corton, Vougeot or Richebourg; others favoured a flowery Moselle; but, for my part, I selected a lovely wine from the Rheingau, a Johannisberger Riesling Spätlese made from riper grapes gathered at the close of the vintage.

This wine was so excellent that I was about to propose a toast when a curious thing happened. Someone gripped me by the shoulder. The raftered room disappeared in a swirl of lights and a familiar voice sounded in my ear. I opened my eyes to gaze into the smiling face of Jenkyn, the Members' Smoke Room waiter.

"I hope I didn't alarm you, Sir," said Jenkyn, "but it's nearly ten o'clock, and since it's Christmas Eve we are closing earlier than usual. Can I get you anything, Sir?"

I shook my head and the servant went away. The fire had burned out; the room was cold and I felt very hungry. To-morrow was Christmas Day, when there would be more than enough to eat. I thought with quiet satisfaction of the Christmas dinner we had planned in my family circle. Nothing exotic; nothing spectacular. Perhaps it would not have aroused undue enthusiasm among the companions of my fantasy. This is what we had settled upon:

Iced grapefruit (not a touch of kirsch).

Real turtle soup (no sherry with it).

Roast turkey and chestnut stuffing, with small ball potatoes cooked in pork fat, nub sprouts sprinkled with chopped raw celery. Tiny green peas in butter with sweet corn.

Christmas pudding (black with fruit), no brandy, but a touch of cream and vanilla sugar.

Stilton cheese (fed carefully with port).

Celery.

Coffee; black and very hot. No liqueurs, but—just for once—a good vintage port or very old brown Madeira.

Champagne of an old vintage is the wine I shall drink throughout the meal; it shall be from the cellar of a rich friend and not one of those wines specially blended for early consumption. If the companions of my fantasy could join me, I am sure the dear fellows would agree that, never in all their gastronomic experience, had they sampled a more *simple* or more *enjoyable* Christmas dinner.

Good appetite to you all! . . .

. . . and I do hope your after-dinner dreams on Christmas Day won't be quite like the nightmare on the opposite page.

Photographed by E. Heimann

As the cost of living rises
To form one of Life's surprises,
In other words the price of food ascends,
We hope your Christmas prizes,
Your turkeys and mince-pies-es
Will not literally interpret upward trends.

The Spirit of the Circus

THERE might be a circus without wild animals, without wire-walkers or jugglers, without acrobats or performing seals, but there has never yet been a circus without horses and clowns. Indeed, the first clowns, in Philip Astley's Amphitheatre, performed on horseback and although these two essentials of the circus have rarely been confused since then, they remain paramount.

It is not only the children who adore the grotesque figures as they come tumbling into the ring—huge heads lolling, stilted legs striding or vast stomachs swaying. The buffoon earns everyone's pitying adoration. The imitation red-hot poker may be out of fashion, but there are still resounding smacks when one stoops down; there are still cigars which squirt water and walking-sticks which collapse when they are leaned on, and they still bring disillusionment to those who had trusted in them.

Nowadays the clowns gather the spectators into their performances, throwing them huge coloured balls or asking them questions to which a roar of reply comes from the children. The basis of their humour does not change, however—it is human misfortune which is funny. The clown trips over a rope, falls on his face, slips on an orange-peel, is apparently scorched or slapped or soaked or whitewashed, and everyone finds it immensely comic.

But who can explain humour; who can foretell what will make an audience laugh? Queen Victoria cried with laughter when Sherwood—to Barnum's horror—went to the Royal box and shook hands with her. At Cape Town a woman laughed so much at the Schwartz Brothers that she burst a blood-vessel.

And who will ever forget the laughter of circus audiences when the diminutive figure of Grock appeared in the ring and went round and round bowed beneath the weight of an enormous trunk? Round and round he trudged, always wondering where to put his load, until at last the trunk was put down. Then he would open the lid and produce from inside the most diminutive of violins.

Laughter can be cruel, too. Slivers Oakley, a famous clown, had a long scar along his left eyebrow, a souvenir of the jagged top of a tin can aimed at him during a performance. When the can hit him and the blood poured down his cheeks the audience laughed themselves silly. They thought it part of the show.

Slivers used to recount a story of an old clown who once worked with him. He told Slivers that during the whole of his career he only got one really good laugh: that was when an elephant trod on his foot and crushed it. His shriek of agony was lost in the roar of merriment from the audience. When his fellow-clowns carried him out of the ring the audience shouted for him to come back.

The clown with a broken heart is a corny character but not an incredible one. What is harder to understand than his performance when he is feeling sad is his performance when he is feeling tired. Where do they find their gusto and energy, these indomitable, indefatigable pantaloons?

The *auguste*, the clown with his own entrée, his individual make-up and his often complicated tricks and devices, is the aristocrat of the clown world, though that is perhaps a strange word to use of one who often appears in tatters. Coco is an *auguste*, and Tom Belling is said to have been the first of them, and that through an accident when he was with the Cirkus Renz. One evening he was amusing himself trying on a discarded and threadbare wig. He donned it back to front, twisted the hair on top into a knot and put on his coat inside out. The effect was so irresistibly comic that the other acrobats who shared the room with Tom roared with laughter. One bet him that he would not show himself as he was to the other performers. "Why not?" said Tom, and walked out of the room.

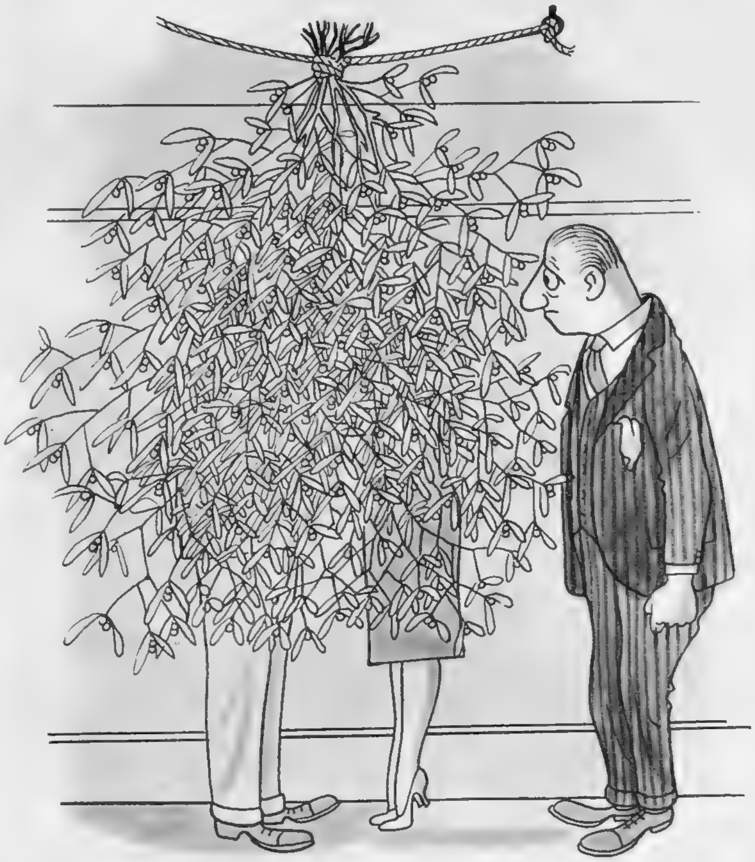
But in the corridor near the ring entrance he came face to face with old man Renz. Tom's look of dismay at this encounter and his ludicrous appearance convulsed Renz. "You 've made good!" he spluttered. "Into the ring with you!" He gave Tom a push. Tom stumbled against the door and sprawled into the sawdust and tan. As soon as he was seen the audience rocked with mirth; they thought it was a new act. "*Auguste!*" (silly fool), a voice shrilled from the gallery, and the cry was hysterically taken up by the rest of the audience. Stunned and indignant, Tom got to his feet, walked a few yards, tripped over a rope, and tumbled again. The audience could not contain itself: never before had it seen anything so funny as this grotesque figure and these mirth-provoking falls. Laughter pursued Tom as he fled from the ring. He collided with the director again. "Wonderful!" Renz cried. "Why didn't I know about this turn before? I shall certainly extend your contract." So the modern clown was born.

Their names live—Grock and Whimsical Walker, the Fratellinis and the Barbusios, Charlie Rivel and Joe Craston, Don Rice and Kelly. They are the descendants of the buffoons and Merry Andrews, the Jack Puddings and the nameless mimes of antiquity who stained their faces with the lees of wine to raise a laugh when Rome was young. Their antics will go on when sophisticated humorists are forgotten. While man keeps in him a little of his childhood he will continue to laugh because of the gaiety and innocence of clowns.

From the painting by Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

SCENE IN CIRCUS ARENA, SHOWING TWO CLOWNS

CHRISTMAS



THE MISTLETOE ENABLES THE SHY AND HESITANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM WITHOUT HAVING TO BE, ER . . . SHY AND HESITANT . . . .

. . . AGE IS NO BAR, BUT AS IN ALL OTHER PURSUITS IT DOES IMPOSE CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS.

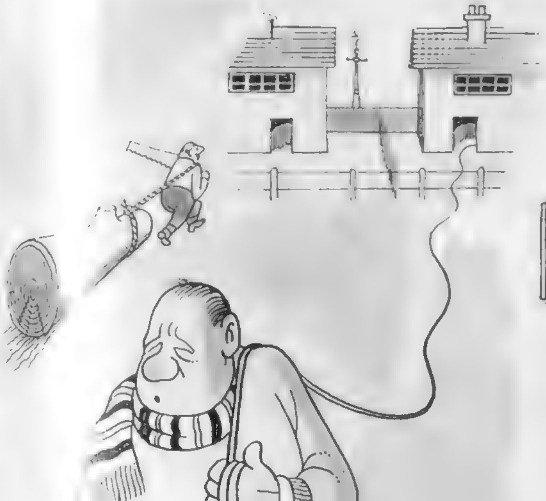
THE CHRISTMAS TREE SHOULD BE SELECTED WITH CARE. AND WE SHOULD FIRST ASK OURSELVES: DO WE WANT A TREE TO FIT THE PRESENT . . .

. . . OR A PRESENT TO FIT THE TREE ?

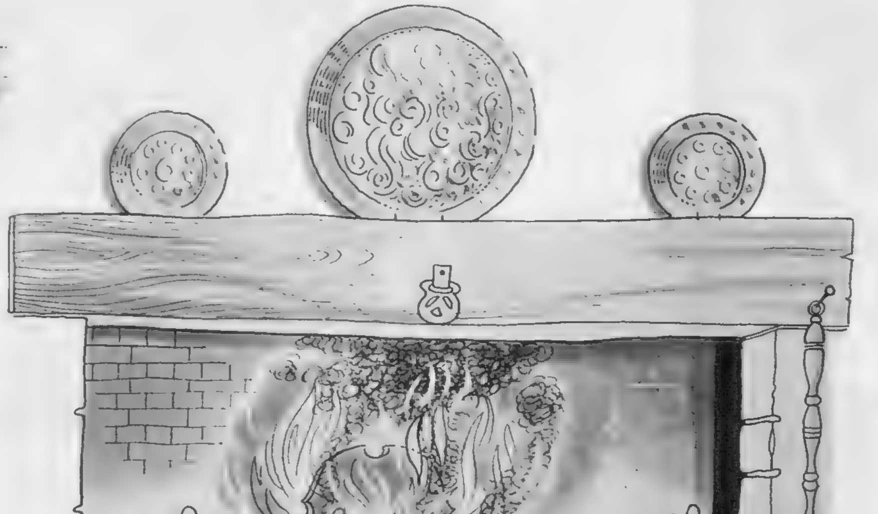
VEGETATION

THE HOLLY. HOW WELL IT GOES WITH THE OTHER CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS . . . .

IT WILL GROW IN MOST PLACES, AND IF KEPT WELL CUT SHOULD NOT PROVE TROUBLESOME TO THE AVERAGE GARDENER.



THE YULE LOG IS NOT SO EASILY COME BY THESE DAYS BUT THE REWARD FOR THE HARD WORK ENTAILED . .



. . IS THE ENJOYMENT WE GET RELAXING BY OUR REAL OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

Coiffure de Dames

By C. B. White

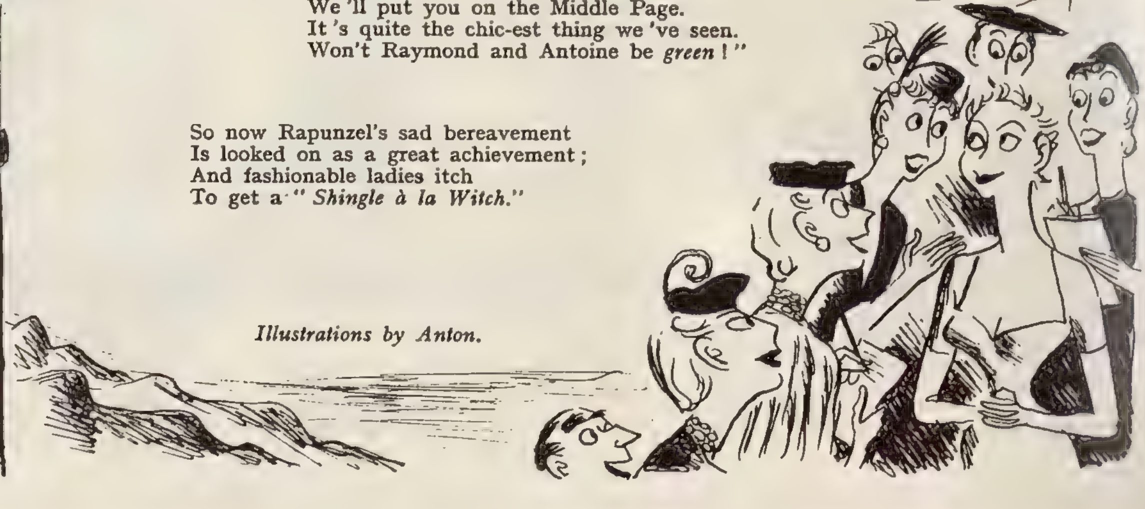
RAPUNZEL languished in a tower,
For she was in a witch's power,
And so was placed in durance vile
For an unconscionable while;
And very dull she found it too,
Except she had a boy-friend who
Was always absolutely happy,
To spend an hour or two with Rappy,
To whom his visits were effected,
By means you would not have suspected,
For Rappy, who was very fair,
Had simply quantities of hair,
Which after it had been unbound
Reached from her window to the ground,
And so the Prince made his ingresses
By shinning up his lady's tresses.

When this liaison got about,
The witch was dreadfully put out.
Despite Rapunzel's cries and tears
She set about her with some shears;
No matter how she wept and sobbed,
She was incontinently bobbed;
And when the witch had finished hacking
She sent the forward baggage packing.

Imagine poor Rapunzel's plight
As she went weeping through the night,
With streaming nose and eyelids red,
And clutching at her mangled head.
But happily the maxim stood,
All winds blow somebody some good,
She stopped to rest her aching feet
Not very far from Curzon Street;
And shortly was beset by tribes
Of feature-hunting fashion scribes,
Who fastened on to her like leeches,
And cooed and made her pretty speeches.
"My dear!" they said. "Your hair's such *fun*.
Wherever did you get it done?
Delicious!" they went on. "Delightful!
You look quite too *divinely* frightful.
We'll make it quite the latest rage.
We'll put you on the Middle Page.
It's quite the chic-est thing we've seen.
Won't Raymond and Antoine be *green*!"

So now Rapunzel's sad bereavement
Is looked on as a great achievement;
And fashionable ladies itch
To get a "*Shingle à la Witch.*"

Illustrations by Anton.



BUSHY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

Drawn by Hargrave

THE MUMMERS

Drawing by G. A. Boden.

SAINT LUDMILLA AND THE WEAKLING

(*Continued from page 15*)

lay strewn about as though flung by a giant hand.

This was the mysterious ravine of the Bettlerjoch. Mounting, it grew wilder and more tumultuous, until it reached to that mass of granite pillars and monoliths with the curiously human forms, which legend said were the Butter Beggars, those wandering friars who came over the pass known as the Nenzinger Himmel, through the Joch to the high pasturage to beg for butter for the cold winter days to come and in return bestowed their blessings on herdsmen and herds and prayed for them, and who one day were overtaken by a terrible storm and their forms frozen there for ever.

But descending, the terrain grew less wild; there were little patches of grass and meadow with many herbs and wild flowers that seemed to flourish nowhere else. For a moment, Ludmilla hesitated to enter this unfamiliar territory, but the Weakling's bell jangled reassuringly, and when the animal also gave forth a soft "Moo," she hesitated no longer, and taking the halter once more in her chubby fist, entered the side of the ravine by the right-hand path and descended to the glen below.

The elves were there in the form of splinters of sunlight flashing from the quartz in the granite, or filtering through the greenery, dappling the leaves of the trees, and the child pursued them deeper and deeper into the ravine until they vanished in the darkness of tumbled rock or cave, or dense pines where the sun no longer penetrated.

Soon they came to a kind of glade opening out from the lower part of the glen through a rocky path. Here the land levelled for a space, a rushing brook quietened as it meandered through this hidden meadow ringed with trees, and rich with sweet-smelling herbs and flowers, yellow blossoms with broad leaves amongst ferns, lichens and algæs, arenarias and saxifrages growing amidst dark grasses.

The little Weakling commenced to feed contentedly, shaded by a gigantic oak-tree that spread its branches in huge circumference and beneath which, amidst a scattering of sweet acorns, the flowering herbs and weeds grew in thick profusion.

Comforted by the sound of the bell about the neck of the Weakling and her eager munching, Ludmilla explored the boundaries of what was obviously a magic circle on enchanted ground; watching the long, blue shadows of the trout as they sunned themselves in the brook, discovering a grey badger with shining eyes working at the mouth of his hole, coming upon a whole family of little hamsters feeding on acorns and watching hundreds of tiny green-breasted finches and blue-headed tits flitting through the branches of the trees and peering out from behind the leaves.

And in this manner, with the Weakling feeding placidly, and the child, herself turned into the very kind of woodland and mountain elf she sought, playing in and about the beautiful glen and all its wild things, time passed. The shadows grew longer, the air cooler and the sun began to dip towards the jagged rim of the mountain peaks, visible through the trunks of the tall pines, and her instincts told Ludmilla that it was time to return home.

But the day had been long, exciting and strenuous, and she was both hungry and thirsty. And since she was a herdsman's daughter, Ludmilla knew both where and how to provide herself with food and went directly to the source.

She secured the Weakling's trailing halter and led her to a sapling where she made her fast. Then seating herself at the hindquarters she took one of the soft teats, directed it at her mouth, and began to milk.

At the touch of the little hands, so different from the rough, strong, horny palms of the herdsmen, it seemed as though a shudder ran through the Weakling. For the first moment as the child tugged, first at one then at another, there was no response. Not even the thin, bluish trickle rewarded her efforts. But again the shudder shook the animal, and she stood there, her feet spread apart, trembling as though in the grip of a mountain chill. All her pent-up anguish seemed to find expression in the single cry, half a moo and half a moan, that came from her throat that echoed from the pillars that represented the frozen friars of the Bettlerjoch above and went sighing off into the peaks. And then her milk began to flow.

A few drops at first, then a trickle, then a stream, and soon a warm, rich, fragrant jet shot in the mouth of Ludmilla, causing her to gurgle and laugh with surprise, pleasure and satisfaction—a sound which surely to the Weakling must have been the most beautiful she had ever heard. At last she was giving as God had intended her to do.

The child drank until she could hold no more, and thereafter led the Weakling to the stream to let her refresh herself, and then, taking her in tow, set off through the rocky path that led from the enchanted meadow, through the glen and up the ravine on the homeward path. And for the first time since she had matured, the Weakling, with a heart filled with joy, felt the ache of plenitude in her udders and the need to be further relieved of the gift she carried there.

That night, when the herdsmen accompanying their proud, sleek cattle returned from the high pasturage by the Sareiserjoch to the huts and stables just below the slopes of Malbun and the milkers took to their metal pails and one-legged milking-stools, the miracle of Saint Ludmilla, the Holy milkmaid Notburga, began.

The Weakling was already standing in her stall, emitting low moos, of pleasurable pain, when from force of habit the milker arrived at her side, set stool and pail, seized the nearest teat and squeezed perfunctorily, for he was weary from serving the heavy yielders and was grateful that the day was drawing to a close.

But the first sound of the powerful stream of milk landing with a clang at the bottom of the pail awoke him and caused him to cry out in amazement, as by the light of the lanthorn that hung from the roof of the milking-shed he saw the distended skin of the swollen udders bearing such a burden as he had never encountered before in this unfortunate little animal.

But he remembered the poor quality of her yield and still by habit milked on, but when the pail was half-full, his cry arose over the stamping of the hoofs in the shed, the swishing of tails and the rush of the milk—"Hola, Alois! Hola, there! Send for Alois! The Chief Herdsman is to come here at once to see what has happened."

Alois came and stared likewise, for now the pail was three-quarters filled with creamy liquid topped by foaming bubbles of fatty froth, as rich as any that ever came from the big Swiss champions in the herd.

"That night . . . the miracle of Saint Ludmilla, the Holy milkmaid Notburga, began."

The pail was filled to overflowing; another was placed beside her: once again the powerful jet of milk clanged against the empty sides. The liquid, warm and pungent, began to foam as it climbed up the sides. The other milkers and herders crowded into the shed as word spread of the astonishing thing that was happening to the little Weakling, and a moment later there was a movement in the throng and the huge bulk of Father Polda bent over to pass through the door.

He glanced at the full milk pail, the second filling beneath the fingers of the milker, the colour of the fluid and the oily quality of the froth that topped it, and crossed himself.

"Holy Saint Ludmilla, Holy Notburga!" he cried. "It is a miracle!", for he wished it so.

(*Continued overleaf*)

Alois grunted, as was his custom when he was about to become hard-headed and did not wish to admit something, especially to the priest. "Some of these sickly ones come into milk late sometimes. We will see. The milk may be sour or deficient. Wait until it has been separated."

At last the udders were emptied, the second pail was nearly filled and taken away to be tested for fat and butter content. Darkness fell, supper was eaten and the men gathered about the fire, and once again the Mountain Ave rang out:

"Oh-ho! O-ho! A-ve! Ave Maria!" when the herdsman, whose duty it was to watch at night by the stables, came running into the circle, pale and out of breath:

"Alois! Father Polda! The one with the white muzzle, the little Weakling that was milked last to-night! I heard her complaining and went with the lanthorn to look. Her udders are filled again! She must be milked at once. Come and see, if you do not believe me."

It was true. Scarce three hours had passed, but the milk-sacs were again distended and heavy with burden. A milker was hastily summoned, and again the rich, yellowish liquid thundered into the pail; once more a second receptacle had to be fetched to hold the yield.

Father Polda crossed himself again and cried: "Holy Saint Ludmilla! A miracle—a miracle indeed! Well, Alois, what have you to say now?"

But the Chief Herdsman did not reply. He only stared bewildered at this amazing thing, though it was noted that he crossed himself likewise.

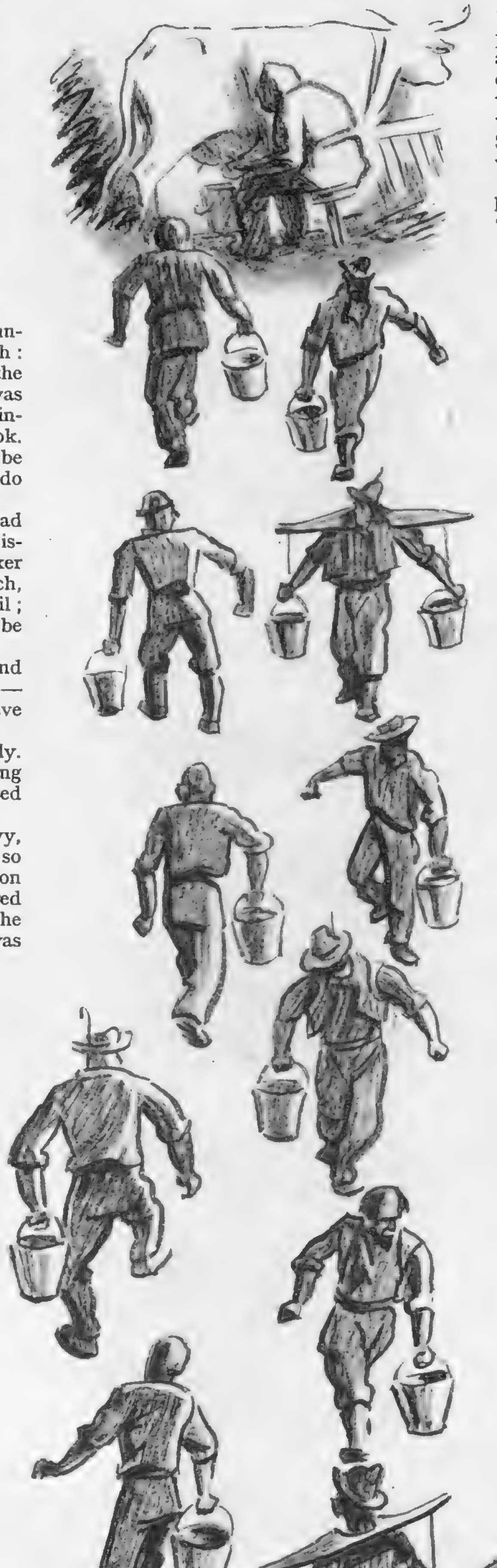
In the meantime, a layer of heavy, yellowish cream, six inches deep, and so thick that one might have stood up a spoon in it without its falling over, had gathered at the top of the first two pails that the little Weakling had filled early. Here was butter-fat and a wealth of it such as had not been seen produced on the high pasturage within living memory.

All through the night and the next day and the next after that it went on. Replenishing herself, it seemed with no more than copious draughts from buckets of water, the Weakling continued to give of her so long withheld riches every three or four hours, wearing out relays of milkmen, whose arms became heavy and fingers cramped as they worked to relieve her of her sudden wealth.

Word began to travel of the miracle that was taking place, and mountaineers and woodcutters, keepers of hospices and charcoal-burners from the neighbouring peaks and valleys came to the milking-shed in Malbun to see for themselves, and soon there was no room inside for everyone and so the gentle little creature with the white muzzle, thin flanks and tender eyes was moved out into the open where everyone could see her and watch the fabulous torrents of milk that poured from her.

She stood there then in a kind of daze, wrapped in the glory of bestowing and the fulfilment of that part of her yearning that had to do with udders filled with life-giving food and drink that now was hers to share.

On the third day the head dairyman came bustling from the cheese and butter factories next the milking shed in a state of excitement, shouting: "One more pail, and the little one will win best of her group. She already has heart and cross won and needs only another gallon to catch up and surpass the best of her herd. It does not seem possible."



"... the Weakling continued to give of her so long withheld riches every three or four hours, wearing out relays of milkmen, whose arms became heavy and fingers cramped as they worked to relieve her of her sudden wealth."

It was Father Polda who replied: "Oh, yes. With a miracle everything is possible, when there is faith in goodness and belief in the Creator whose Will had called forth greater things even than this. She may even—who knows—be the first cow through the tunnel at Steg, wearing the bell and garland of victory . . ."

But here Alois and his hard head were heard from. "That cannot be," he said. "Schadler's Luzerner has won the right of first cow by many tens of pounds. It will be impossible for the little one to overtake her. For the woodcutter who has just arrived over the Bettlerjoch tells me that the first snow has appeared on the Panülerkopf and the Hornspitz. To-morrow we return to the valley."

Father Polda sighed and said nothing, for the word of the Chief Herdsman in all things pertaining to the herds entrusted to his care was law, and no one dared question his commands. But it being Father Polda's first personal miracle, he wished to see it taken to a climax. At that, the Weakling barely made the final pail that was needed to give her the honour of the milking-stool. For the great and miraculous flow seemed at last to come to an end: and it was all that the milkers could do to wring the last drops from her fabulous udders. Yet achieve it she did, though the effort left her weak and spent and she was led on tottery legs to the shelter of the stall, fed and watered and allowed to rest for the great event of the descent the following day.

And thus it was that the poor little Weakling, whose hopes of realising her desire to be decorated with her milking-stool had seemed so utterly impossible of fulfilment, was led forth the next day, cleaned, washed and brushed so that, thin and emaciated as she was, her dun-coloured hide glistened; hoofs and horns were polished until they sparkled in the sunlight and at last came the moment when she felt the seat of the milking-stool pressed against her head between the horns by rough but kind hands and lashed there with gaily-coloured ribbons.

Streamers were fastened to the stool's leg, paper flowers and cockades

(*Continued overleaf*)

"WINTER LANDSCAPE"

By Jan Van De Cappelle (1624-1679)

Jan Van De Cappelle, painter and etcher, was born in Amsterdam in 1624, and for his work for Dutch art, received the freedom of that city in 1653. The fine painting reproduced above is one of the best of many other landscapes and sea and river scenes, all treated with this same extreme delicacy.

fastened to her head-stall and about her ears, garlands of flowers hung about her neck. Small-boned and lacking the stalwart maturity of the older animals, her head, graced by the decorations with her sweetness of expression, gave her the air of a young girl going to her first ball. She became suddenly innocently beautiful and heart-warmingly radiant.

Now word of the event that had taken place on the high pasturage had also reached the village of Vaduz, which heard the rumour of how the poor peasant Vospelt's animal that had been last in yield of dairy products, had, in the last three days by the intervention of Saint Ludmilla, poured forth a miraculous stream of milk.

Outside the tunnel, the crowds gathered to wait in twice the number they ever had before. They came up from Vaduz, the capital, and Schaan and Triesen, Mals and Balzers, Nendelin and Eschen, to climb the lofty Triesenberg on foot and take up their position of vantage at Gnalp, to see for themselves whether there was any truth in the strange marvel that had been reported from the fastnesses of the high pasturage.

Because it might be an ecclesiastical affair, if true, the Herr Canonicus Anton from the big church in Vaduz was there with lesser members of the clergy from the vicinity, and since, if it were actually so, it would redound to the eternal credit of Liechtenstein, a member of the ruling family from the Schloss below arrived—incognito, of course.

Spontaneously and without invitation, the brass band from Schaanwald appeared, the Mannerchor from Planken and the girl singers from Mauren and Ruggell. The Burgomeister of Vaduz came in his robes, as did the President of the Council and the ministers from Switzerland and Italy.

Of course, the attraction was likewise to see which would be lead cow this year, but behind the huge turnout lay the excitement of perhaps witnessing a marvel of some sort. It could, of course, hardly be true that the poor, sickly little animal they all remembered as belonging to peasant Vospelt, and which few had deemed worth even sending up to the high pasturage, could really have won a prize, much less the decoration of the milking-stool, but if there was any truth in the rumours, they were all there and prepared to see.

In Malbun the cavalcade was ready for the descent. Cattle, horses, men, women, children, dogs, all were groomed and dressed in their best and decorated in every manner possible to mark the wonderful occasion.

"At her head marched Ludmilla, and at her side walked Father Polda."

An hour after sun-up the procession gathered on the meadow near by the little community of huts, sheds and barns where they had all lived together during the long summer, and the doors and windows of which were now boarded up.

Father Polda stood upon a drinking-trough and blessed them, as was his custom, and sent up a prayer of gratitude to Saint Ludmilla for the miracle she had created for them. Then, with cries from the herders, the cracking of whips, the barking of dogs and the gay singing of the women and children, they started down the Malbun, next the roaring torrent, to Steg.

First in the line, the silver clapper of the great brazen bell about her neck booming her approach, came Schadler's great champion Luzerner, winning beast the second year in succession, milk-pail worn proudly as one who was used to such articles borne upon her head. Then came Gruber's Friesian and the Wohlmayrs' Zuricher champion in second and third place, followed by several others that had been placed high. Thereafter, proudly heading the last division of the mixed herd belonging to many poor peasants, tottered the little Weakling with her gay decorations and sweet, exalted expression, looking like a mixture of half-cocotte, half-angel. At her head marched Ludmilla, cornflowers the colour of her eyes braided in her brown hair. At her side walked Father Polda.

The three came eventually to the shrine of the Holy Notburga in her niche in the rocks by the torrent Malbun, and here they paused and turned to her as though by mutual understanding and consent, the huge man in the black cassock, the brown, barelegged child, and the Weakling.

No word was spoken. Ludmilla had her arm about the neck of the animal and together they stood by the wooden rail that guarded people from falling into the stream, and looked across the silvery waters to the figure in the niche, the sweet little doll with the tender expression on her carved and painted countenance.

On the child's face was wonder. In the eyes of the Weakling was deathless love. On the lips of Father Polda was a prayer. There they remained thus for a long time; so long that Chief Herdsman Alois returned to see what was holding up the procession, and thus he found them.

When her father came up, the child suddenly left the little cow and ran to him, put her arms around his neck and began to cry, causing him to say: "No, now, Ludi. What is the matter? Why are you crying?"

"Because of my little cow, who is so beautiful. Saint Ludmilla wishes her to lead all the others."

The Chief Herdsman was much less hard-headed when it came to his daughter, and he smiled at her and said: "She does, does she?" and said: "And how would you know this?"

Ludmilla stopped crying and took her father's hand and led him to the rail, looked across to Saint Ludmilla and replied: "Because she spoke to me, and *told me so.* Please, Papa, let her be the first."

Alois looked from his daughter to the Weakling, to Father Polda standing at her side and said harshly: "What is this nonsense? Have you been putting ideas into the child's head? What does she mean the Saint spoke to her? Did you hear anything?"

Father Polda smiled and gently shook his head. "I heard nothing," he said. "But sometimes little children can hear things that we cannot."

For a moment the big, bearded herdsman stood there staring at the statue. Then he picked up the child on his arm and strode away down the path. Man and beast followed.

But at Steg, the last stopping-place before they moved down the Saminathal and entered the rock tunnel to emerge into the world beyond, Chief Herdsman Alois gave brief and sharp orders. Two herdsmen came to the rear of the procession and led the little Weakling forward to the head of the line. There, while many looked aghast and all stared in utter amazement, they took the great, black, silver star and heart-studded bell with the polished black leather collar from the lead cow and hung it about her neck. They likewise removed the crown of laurel leaves from the noble brow of the Luzerner champion and draped it about the head of the Weakling, for whom it was too big, and therefore fell slightly askew, giving her an even more coquettish air. In her emaciated state from the great effort she had made, the weight of the big bell was almost more than she could carry. Then the halter lead was put into the hands of Ludmilla. The Weakling staggered forward and the two, now at the head of the great procession, led the way down the road into the tunnel.

It was wrong and arbitrary what Alois did, for Schadler's big Luzerner had fairly won the right to lead them all home a second year and one voice from the crowd protested: "Halloo, there, Mr. Chief Herdsman! What is going on? Everyone knows the Schadler animal is the winner."

But with a terrible frown, Alois cried, "Quiet! Saint Ludmilla

(Continued overleaf)

MASTER RODERIC STRAUSSLER

From the painting by Sofy Asscher.

Puppets have an endless fascination for old and young alike, and at eight years of age, Master Roderic Straussler has discovered their great charm—puppets have personalities and make wonderful companions. There is a delightful freshness and sincerity about Miss Asscher's painting, and she has captured admirably the absorption of her young sitter.

herself has commanded that the Weakling lead us home!" And thereafter none dare dispute his decision.

Soon those dense crowds lining both sides of the road on the other side of the tunnel heard the irregular booming of the big cow-bell around the neck of the approaching leader. It would ring, then stop, then ring faintly again, louder as it approached, more faintly again, and once it jangled harshly, as though the bearer had fallen.

Murmurs and shivers of excitement ran through the crowd. Louder and louder sounded the great bell and steadier now. The moment was at hand.

Out of the mouth of the tunnel stepped a brown elf with cornflowers the colour of her eyes braided through her brown hair, leading a small, thin cow with a white muzzle, belled, crowned and garlanded. For a moment they stood blinking in the sunlight. Then a great shout went up from the throng, almost like a hosannah, a cheer and a cry and a greeting and a prayer all in one. Men waved their hats and shouted, women wept and sobbed.

It was true. The miracle had taken place, for there was the evidence before their very eyes. Not only had the poor, despised Weakling won the right to wear her milk-stool, but the champion's laurels and winner's position, the prize of best cow of the year had come to her. Only a saint could have made this possible.

Then the brass band struck up the national anthem of Liechtenstein, the Mannerchor burst into song, as did the Sangerbund of girls from Mauren and Ruggell, and the women's choir from Triesenberg.

His Highness, the member of the Royal family, dropped his incognito and stepped forward to pin a glittering medal, the Royal Double Eagle, First Class, to the Weakling's collar and pick up the child Ludmilla in his arms and kiss her. Herr Canonicus Anton suddenly knelt in the road, followed by the other members of the clergy, and struck up an "Allelujia," and the next moment men, women and children in the huge throng of welcomers likewise went to their knees, singing and giving thanks to Him, and all those on High from whom all miracles and blessings flow.

And so, her greatest desire and dream of glory came to realisation, the little Weakling, burdened with the earthly prizes awarded to her by Heavenly dispensation, looked out upon this strange scene, the towering mountains opposite, the blue thread of the Rhine in the valley far below, the people in their Sunday best kneeling in the road, the black-robed priests, the tall figure of His Highness, who, of course, could not kneel, and her eyes were gentle and swimming, filled with love and happiness, that all this which she had so much desired had in the end happened to her, and that before her final moment she had been privileged to give.

For the effort and the strain of the last three days had been too much for her, and with that sure instinct of animals, she knew that she was looking upon the sunshine and the kindly people whom it had been her duty to feed for the last time. And she was content.

The big bell boomed again. The sun glittered from the golden medal at her collar. Child and animal started forward again down the mountain, followed by the gay and colourful procession of the annual return from the high pasturage.

* * *

THERE is not much more to the story. Worn out by her efforts, the little Weakling passed away in the valley before sundown that evening. Yet, strangely, it did not put a damper on the celebration, or the happiness of the people at having been singled out for the performance of a miracle in their midst. They and the Canonicus saw it quite simply as the logical extension of the miracle whereby, having performed it and demonstrated her love and power *via* the Weakling, Saint Ludmilla, the Holy Notburga, had taken the little animal to her as her reward and she would henceforth graze peacefully and happily in the Heavenly pastures close to the side of her loving friend and patron. And it is for this reason that the skull and horns of the Weakling were bestowed on the shrine of the Saint.

The butter and cheese made from the miraculous milk of the Weakling brought their weight in gold and never again would the poor peasant Vospelt or his family want for anything.

Only one thing more remains to be told.

A week later, Chief Herdsman Alois suddenly appeared at Steg, in the Samina Valley, with the child Ludmilla at his side and sought out Father Polda in the tiny chapel.

"Come," he said to the priest. "Come with us."

They walked, all three in silence, up the path again past the shrine in the rocks to which Alois did not so much as vouchsafe a glance now, until they came to the deserted huts and barns on the Malbun slope. Here it was that the little Ludmilla, at her father's behest, took over the leadership, and with the sure orientation of the mountain child, took them up the path that led to the Bettlerjoch. As she had once before, she branched off from the main dark and fearsome ravine downwards towards the glen of the elves, and thence through the rock-path to the magic circle in the enchanted meadow, peaceful in the morning sun, with only the sound of birds in the great oak, the rustling of small animals in the underbrush and the gentle murmur of the stream resting before it resumed its plunge below.

Alois now roved about this meadow, his eyes on the ground. He went to the brook, came back, knelt near the oak-tree and examined the ground, arose and went to the opposite side and did the same. And as he searched, his dark, bearded face lit up with satisfaction and at last he came over and faced the big priest.

"Well," asked the priest, "why have you brought me here? What is it that you have discovered?"

"This," said Alois. "Look there. Do you recognise that little weed with the yellow flower and the broad leaf?"

(Continued overleaf)

Photographed by Dr. S. D. Jouhar.

*" . . . and the vast greenscape lost to view
But for a single frond of withered bracken
Etched black against the all-embracing snow."*

Father Polda gazed down at the plant that seemed to be growing in unusual profusion all about them. "It is the *Alchemilla,*" he replied. "The *Mutterkraut.*"

"Yes," said the Chief Herdsman. "Have you ever seen so much at one time?"

The priest shook his head. "No. It is most unusual."

"Ah! Then come here and look. Here, under the oak-tree, it grows almost solid. But see where it has been cropped and the hoof-marks of an animal. Round and about this tree it has been eaten away . . ."

"Well?" said the priest.

Alois threw him a look of triumph. "It was here that Ludmilla came that day with the little Weakling when I refused to take her along to the high pasture. Those are her hoof-marks. The little one in a few hours found and consumed more *Mutterkraut* than most Alpine cattle would in a lifetime. The whole day she grazed upon the *Alchemilla.* In the evening, her milk glands violently stimulated, she started to give milk." He smiled in triumph again and looked the priest in the eye. "There is your miracle of Saint Ludmilla for you. It is explained, as I always knew it must be."

The priest remained silent and his eyes were bent to the ground, where the hoof-prints of the little Weakling were still plain to be seen as well as the close-to-the-ground cropped ends of many of the *Alchemilla* plants which somehow had flourished in this secluded place.

"Well," asked the Chief Herdsman, "what have you to say?"

The priest looked up, but his brow was unclouded and his eyes untroubled and clear. "Yes," he said finally, "you are right. The miracle is indeed explained for all of those for whom the miracles must always be explained lest they be forced to confess that they are not as important as they believed themselves to be."

Alois said: "You admit, then, that now we know why all of a sudden the Weakling gave so much milk and of such high content that in the end it was like giving her heart's blood and strength, and it killed her?"

A little smile now played about the lips of the big priest. "That is correct," he said. "Now we know why the little one suddenly gave so much milk. Ah, yes, now we know everything."

"Eh?" said Alois suspiciously, struck by something in the tone of the priest. "What do you mean by 'everything'?"

"Oh," replied Father Polda, still smiling, "all the other miracles which you will explain to me. What made you say that day the little Weakling was praying at the shrine of Saint Ludmilla? What was it that led you to decide against taking the animal to the high pasturage? How came you to entrust her to little Ludmilla's care—also, of course, how the child came to wander here to this deserted glen, where no ordinary child would venture alone, and how together they discovered this marvellous patch of *Mutterkraut*—and finally, of course, the greatest wonder of all, what made you decide in one moment to listen to your child, go against the records, and at the last minute name the Weakling champion cow and leader of the descent into the valley, thus setting the final stamp and seal on the miracle in which you do not believe?"

He paused and offered his hand to the child, who took it confidingly. "Come," he said, "let us go from here." He turned to Alois, still smiling gently, "But there will be time for those explanations later. . . ."

He walked slowly hand-in-hand with Ludmilla back the way they had come through the rocky defile. Behind them Alois walked silently, his head bent towards the ground as one in deep thought. . . .

The End.

Great celebrations in Viyella REGD. and Clydella REGD.

Children's best clothes are usually in Viyella and Clydella. And for very many years they *stay* best. These delightful materials come out of each wash looking as colourful, and feeling as soft, as new. Nothing else wears and washes quite the same.

Both Viyella and Clydella are woven of long-staple cotton (which makes them light) and lambswool (which makes them naturally warm). They are exactly the right weight, not only for children's clothes, but for shirts and pyjamas, nightdresses and housegowns. (Mothers and fathers know this already).

They are also very pleasant materials to handle; making up easily and hanging well, so that dressmaking becomes a thing of pleasure.

The sole spinners, weavers and manufacturers of Viyella and Clydella, are William Hollins and Company Limited, of Nottingham, England. The Company was founded in 1784 and today has its branches, agents and representatives in all parts of the world.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.
DAY & NIGHT WEAR
VIYELLA HOUSE . NOTTINGHAM
REGD

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

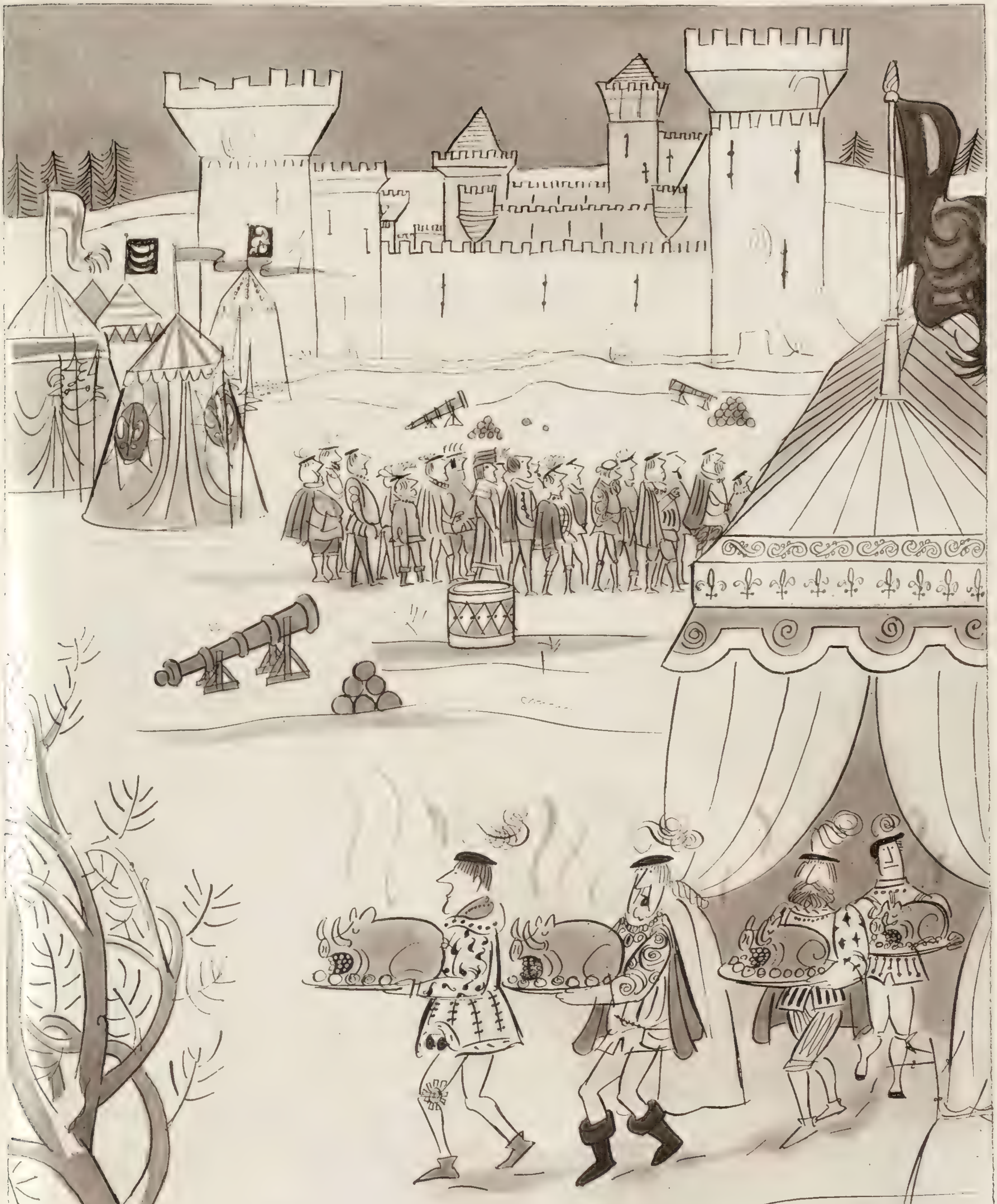
Step by step you build up your room's new colour-scheme, choosing your fabrics and wallpaper together *in Sanderson's showrooms.*

SANDERSON

OF BERNERS STREET

wallpapers and fabrics

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LIMITED. 52-53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1. 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3



Drawn by Michael ffolkes.

ECONOMY DRIVE, 1417.

"At Agincourt they were stuffed with petits fours!"

Lend Us Your Ear . . .

IF you have enjoyed our Christmas Number, it is more than probable that you would equally enjoy our regular fortnightly issues during the year.

You can easily give this a trial by 'phoning your newsagent to reserve you a copy fortnight by fortnight. If you find—as we hope you will—that "The Sketch" gives you more enjoyment than most other forms of relaxation, then we shall be happy. If, however, you disagree with our preoccupation with the lighter side of life, then nothing could be simpler than to cancel the order!

We do not propose to bore you by listing the regular and widely popular features of "The Sketch"; we would prefer you to sample them yourselves. But we do emphasise the importance of *placing an order*, temporary or permanent, with your newsagent—and we do assure you that this is not a catchpenny appeal. The reason for it is that the production of a high-class periodical such as "The Sketch" is so costly that we can print only enough copies to satisfy our known and already very large readership—and this being so the chance buyer is nearly always disappointed.

For those who are prepared to take a long-term risk on enjoying "The Sketch," the better plan is a year's subscription, which costs £3 and includes postage and the 1954 Christmas Number. The subscription can be handed to your newsagent or sent direct to the Circulation Manager, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Thank you for listening to us.

Bear Brand
SUPERFINE STOCKINGS
Bear Brand
Choose the Loveliest
An exquisite presentation
... breathtaking
in its sheer beauty
and grace.
Bear Brand
SUPERFINE
STOCKINGS
HOWARD FORD & CO LTD. LIVERPOOL & LONDON

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
the first name you think of in BISCUITS

Some prefer drama...

... others, dancing

BUT WHEREVER FINE CIGARETTES ARE APPRECIATED ...
SMOKERS PREFER

STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarettes in the World—

The House of STATE EXPRESS. 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

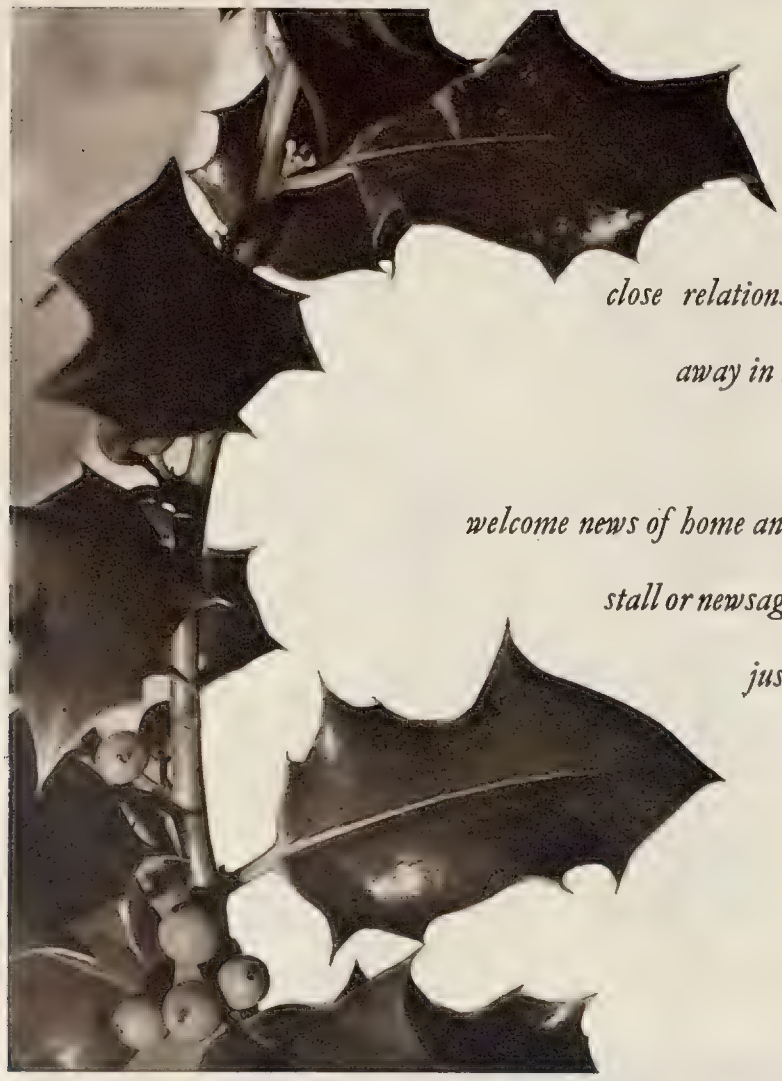
Drambuie originated in the Isle of Skye where it was made in accordance with the recipe presented to a Mackinnon by Prince Charlie in 1745. The secret remains in the same family to this day.

Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., Edinburgh.

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



The Best Gift of all for Britons Overseas! For close relations or professional friends . . . on the Continent or far away in the Antipodes . . . to them, few gifts would be as welcome as a subscription to The SKETCH. Every issue bringing welcome news of home and of events in London and the counties. Your regular book-stall or newsagent will gladly arrange a subscription for you, or alternatively, just write to The Publisher, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

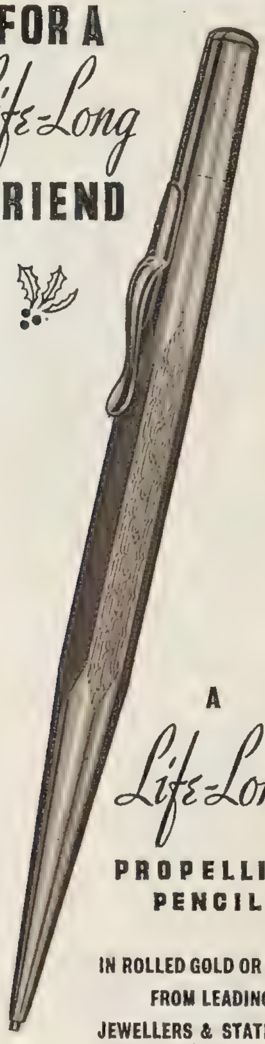
The Sketch

Published every fortnight.

Subscription rates for 12 months are as follows:

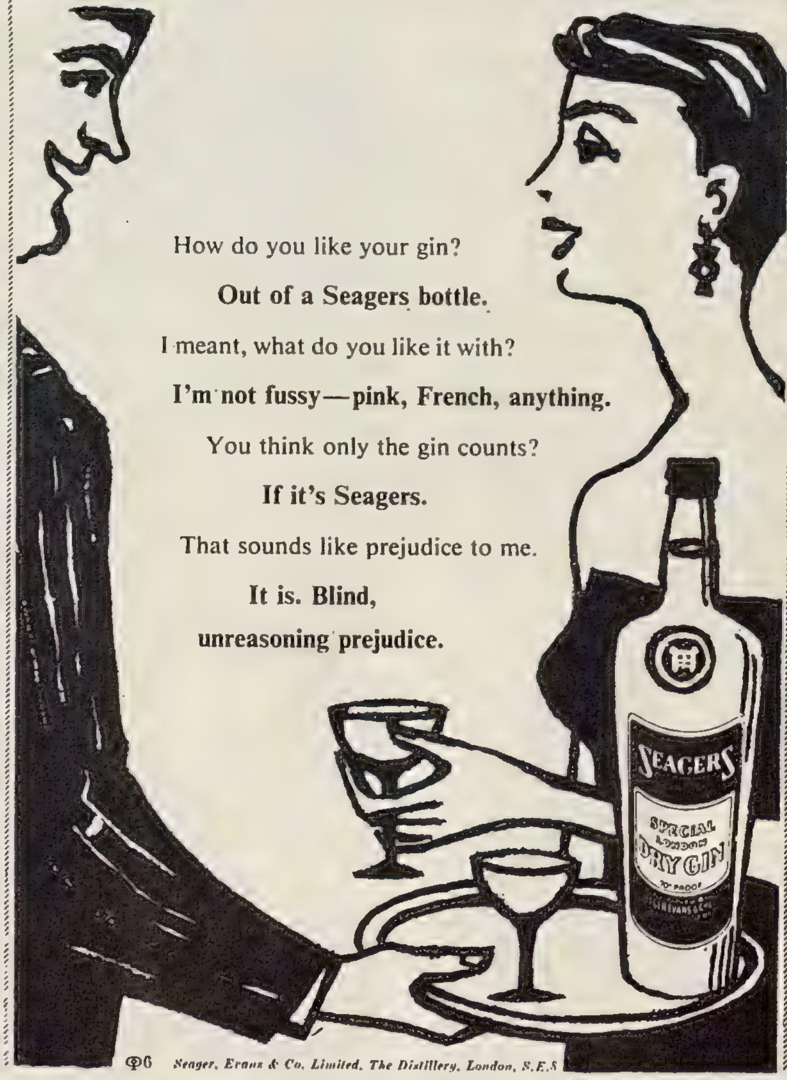
Home & Overseas £3. 0. 0. Canada £2. 19. 0.

FOR A *Life-Long* FRIEND



A *Life-Long* PROPELLING PENCIL

IN ROLLED GOLD OR SILVER FROM LEADING JEWELLERS & STATIONERS



Seager, Evans & Co. Limited, The Distillery, London, S.E.8

the silken fragrance she loves to wear

Crêpe de Chine

parfum de

F. MILLOT

from the better stores, chemists and hairdressers

PARIS : 57 Av. Franklin D. Roosevelt
LONDON : 62 Grosvenor Street, W. I.

Some Canterbury Tales

modernised from Chaucer
by Courtenay Winter

THE PILGRIMS

Illustrated by Cedric Chater

ALTHOUGH, between 1387 and his death in the year 1400, Geoffrey Chaucer worked long upon the *Canterbury Tales*, the great tapestry was never finished. What we have is unmatched.

Chaucer imagines that, in the middle of the month of April, at a time when (as he says in the famous line) people long to go upon pilgrimage, some thirty persons—himself among them—meet in Southwark, at the Tabard Inn, ready for their journey to Canterbury and the shrine of St. Thomas. They are directed by the Host, a very striking, burly, bright-eyed man, wise and with a merry heart. "There was no manly attribute he lacked."

It is the Host's proposal that they shall while away the journey to Canterbury and back by telling tales, four by each traveller. At the end of the pilgrimage, the man whose story is best told will receive a supper at the Tabard, paid for by all. So it is agreed. And when the pilgrims set off next morning, "at the spring of day" and lots are drawn for the first tale, it falls to the Knight to speak, as he does, "in a cheerful style," of Palamon and Arcite in the days of Theseus of Athens.

This Knight is a distinguished man who has followed chivalry since his youth in many parts of the known world; who has never said a boorish thing in his life; and who now—home from the wars—has joined the pilgrim company to give his thanks. His son, the Squire, is there as well, a young man of twenty, who is all the while singing and fluting, a boy courteous and gallant, "as fresh as is the month of May." He, in his turn, has with him a Yeoman, a "proper forester," in green coat and hood and with a mighty bow.

Next, there is a Nun, a Prioress known as "Madam Eglantyne." She is friendly, gently-bred, sympathetic; and she speaks French delicately, though not the French of Paris but "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe." So the roll of pilgrims proceeds. Some are story-tellers, some not: we can be sure that all would have been if Chaucer had had time. As it is, we know them well, the Monk, "a fat and personable priest"; the festive Friar, with great skill in begging; a solemn, fork-bearded Merchant; a Clerk of Oxford, unworldly, threadbare student; the Skipper from Dartmouth, unequalled in seamanship from Hull to Carthage; and the Wife of Bath, who is a little deaf, who has had five husbands, has been to Jerusalem three times, and loves a good laugh. There are many others (whom we see in Mr. Chater's picture), and Chaucer is among them himself, small and fair of face, with "something elvish in his countenance."

Only about twenty-four of the tales are told: they make a remarkable mosaic. Nevill Coghill, to whom we owe so much for his modern rendering, calls the Prologue "the concise portrait of an entire nation, high and low, old and young, male and female, lay and clerical, learned and ignorant, rogue and righteous, land and sea, town and country, but without extremes." Here, truly, are the people of King Richard's land, set down firmly and for ever; the Middle Ages in little.

(Continued overleaf)

THE PARDONER'S TALE

THE MEN WHO WOULD KILL DEATH

THERE was once, in Flanders, a company of boisterous young revellers given to all manner of sin. One morning three of them were sitting at drink in the tavern when they heard the ringing of a bell as a coffin was borne to burial. One of them told the tavern-boy to find out who had died; the boy replied that there was no need to go in search of the name: he could tell them. Two hours, indeed, before they came, he had heard that the old man was an old friend of theirs, one who had been slain at night (as he sat drunk upon his bench) by a silent thief called Death. It was this fellow that had killed a thousand in the present plague; and if the revellers were wise they would beware of him.

The tavern-keeper came out and confirmed the story. Yes, he said, only that year Death had killed everyone in a large village a mile distant. No doubt he lived around there. At once the leading roisterer arose. If, he bragged, Death was so fierce, then he would seek out the thief and kill him. All three agreed to go at once and to dispose of the man. They had walked about half a mile towards the village when they met an old peasant who asked their mercy. They replied that he would be killed unless he could tell them who was "this traitor Death" who killed all their friends in the neighbourhood. And the old man answered at once: "Well, if you want to find Death, I suggest that you turn up this crooked way towards that grove. It was there I left him under an oak-tree. He won't be difficult to find."

It was good news. At once the three young men rushed towards the tree. When they reached it, they did not find Death, but they did see something of more interest—eight bushels of golden florins. What were they to do about it? One of them, the youngest, said: "Clearly, Fortune has given this gold to us so that we can live our own lives in jollity. It's a lucky morning for us—if only we can get the gold back to my house, or yours. It must be done at night. If we were seen with the gold in the daytime, we should all be hanged."

They drew lots to discover who should go to the town to fetch food and wine and who should stay with the treasure. The youngest went to the town. As soon as he had gone, one of the others said: "Two are stronger than one. Look, when he comes back, you pretend to wrestle with him; I'll run him through with my dagger, you follow suit, and all the gold will be ours." The other man agreed; but the youngest, on his way to town, had some thoughts of his own. Going to the local apothecary, he asked for a strong poison with which to kill rats and a polecat, and, from another person, he borrowed three large bottles. Into two of these he poured the poison; then he filled all three bottles with wine and went back to the oak-tree.

Immediately he arrived his partners fell upon him and killed him as they had planned. "Sit down and let's be merry with a drink," said one. He picked up a bottle and drank from it, then passed it to his companion, who drank as well. A minute later both were dead. There, under the boughs, the three corpses lay. And so the words of the old man who had earlier said that Death would be at home beneath the oak-tree were proved grimly and amply true.

THE PRIEST'S TALE

CHANTICLEER AND THE FOX

CHANTICLEER was a cock of uncommon quality: " In all the land for crowing he 'd no peer " He lived, with seven hens, in a little yard beside the home of a poor widow. One of the hens, the fairest of them all, was called Pertelote; and, early one morning, when Chanticleer woke groaning with terror, he told Pertelote that he had had a terrible dream. He had been threatened by a beast, " a sort of hound " (" his colour was a blend of yellow and red ") who tried to seize him. Pertelote thought Chanticleer was cowardly; no doubt the dream was the result of indigestion. She told him to be afraid of dreams no longer, but to take curative herbs. Even so, Chanticleer continued to be unhappy. Dreams, he said, had come true, many of them; he started to tell Pertelote a long list of those that had, and she listened patiently. He was still at this when, of a sudden, he looked at Pertelote's face, took courage from her beauty, and decided to go in peace about the day's work. Leaping, lion-like, from his perch, he moved proudly up and down the yard in search of corn.

The days passed; but one morning in summer, while Chanticleer was crowing at the sun, he saw, lying in a bed of herbs in the yard, the form of a " coal-tipped fox " that had broken through the hedge on the previous night. Chanticleer, recalling his dream, would have run away. Then Dan Russel, as the fox was called, spoke to him flatteringly. " Why," he said, " do you want to run away? I am your friend and I came merely to hear you sing. You have as merry a voice as any angel in Heaven. Your father and mother have both honoured my home, and I have never heard anyone, except yourself, sing better than your father. Can you imitate him? "

Chanticleer was pleased. Obediently he stood upon his toes, stretched his neck, closed his eyes, and began to sing loudly. And it was then that the fox, leaping up, seized the cock by the throat, tossed him over his back, and rushed off to the woods. But, behind him, Pertelote and the other hens made such an uproar that the widow and her two daughters rushed from the house to see the fox streaking off towards the trees. All the neighbours joined uselessly in the chase, making a mighty din. At this point, Chanticleer, lying helplessly on the fox's back, had an idea. " Sir Fox," he said, using the fellow's own bait of flattery; " Sir Fox, why don't you turn around on those foolish folk and tell them that, now you are near your home, Chanticleer will stay there and you will eat him whenever you choose, whatever they may say? . . ."

" Faith, it shall be done! " said the fox with enthusiasm, opening his mouth. Whereupon Chanticleer, freed, slipped from him and flew away, high up on a tree, out of reach. Vainly, the fox cried that he was sorry, that he had grabbed too hard when he took Chanticleer away. Why didn't the cock come down? Everything would be explained on oath. There was nothing base about it.

Maybe; but it was never explained. Chanticleer replied that, having been deceived once, he could not risk it a second time. And so the fox was rightly paid back in his own coin.

" Be on your guard," said the Priest, pointing his moral, " against the flatterers of the world, or yard."

(*Continued overleaf*)

THE CLERK'S TALE

PATIENT GRISELDA

ONE day, during the Middle Ages, the people of Saluzzo in Italy, which was ruled by Walter, a young Marquis, " the noblest-born of all in Lombardy, handsome and young and strong," came to him with an urgent request. They loved him much ; but they were anxious that he should have an heir. " Therefore," they said, " we beg you speedily to marry."

Not far from Walter's palace was a little village near a wood. There an old peasant had a daughter named Griselda, " among the loveliest man could ask." She was diligent and dutiful, and Walter fixed upon her for his bride. He did not tell her ; indeed, he told nobody, though he saw that all preparations were made for the marriage. On the day he had chosen—a day on which no one knew the name of the bride-to-be—he rode off to the village.

Griselda stood at her door, preparing to go to the well. Walter stopped and asked her to call her father. When he appeared, Walter said : " I will take to wife your daughter and will love her all my life." Soon, in spite of all Griselda's protests that she was unworthy, she agreed at last. Dressed in gorgeous clothes, she was brought to the palace on a fine horse, " a nobly-pacing, snow-white thing." Walter and Griselda were duly married ; and for a time all passed happily. But Walter thought he should try his wife's constancy. A daughter had been born to her, and he went to her chamber and told Griselda that the people were displeased and the child must be sent away. Patiently, Griselda acquiesced : " Do therefore as you will." So the child was taken. Four years later Griselda bore a son ; and when it was two years old, Walter again—with needless cruelty—chose to test his wife and to take the son from her. This was done ; Griselda yielded. Worse was to follow, for after another five years Walter sought to " prove Griselda's spirit to the very core." On this occasion he ordered her to return to her father to make way for another woman he was about to wed. Once more Griselda gave no reproach. " A flower of love and wifely patience," she left the castle while all the people wondered. Presently there arrived from Bologna the girl of twelve (with her young brother) whom it was said the Marquis would marry. Before she came, Walter sent down for Griselda, in her humble dress, and asked her to welcome the visitors and to see that the castle was properly adorned. Meekly, Griselda obeyed.

When the feast was ready, Walter sent for Griselda and asked how she liked the young bride. And Griselda, replying that she had never seen a lovelier, warned Walter not to deal with " this tender maiden as you have dealt with me," for the girl—more carefully nurtured—might not endure it. Now the Marquis, realising how finely Griselda had borne her wrongs, took her in his arms, praised her steadfastness, and told her that the girl and the boy were her own children, brought up secretly in Bologna, whom he had kept until he had " proved the purpose of her heart."

Griselda swooned at the news, as who would not ? When she had recovered she was dressed in a gown of gold, with a jewelled coronet, and led into the hall to receive the homage of the guests. And, so said the Clerk,

For many a year in high prosperity
Lived these two in concord and in rest . . .

while their daughter was married richly " unto a lord, one of the worthiest in all Italy."

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE

THE KNIGHT AND THE OLD WOMAN

LONG ago, in the days of King Arthur of Britain, an unruly knight fell upon a young girl who was walking ahead of him when he rode up from the river. For this act of violence he was condemned to death. But when the Queen had pleaded for the man, the King agreed to allow her to pronounce sentence as she wished. The Queen summoned the knight and told him that his situation was still dangerous. But he should live if he would do one thing. If, within a year and a day, he returned to her and told her what it was that women most desired, he should go free. Otherwise he must suffer the headsman's axe.

It was a grim year for the knight. Everywhere he tried, but nobody could tell him what he needed. All had different replies. Some said wealth, some honour, some fine clothes, some liberty, some flattery. None could give any answer that satisfied the knight, and on the day before he was due to return to the court, he rode dejectedly back, preparing—as he thought—for death.

While he was on the journey he met an old hag at the edge of a wood and asked her the usual question. She replied: "Promise me that you will do the next thing I require of you, and I will tell you the answer." Eagerly the knight agreed, upon his honour; she told him what he had to say; and they travelled together to the court. Next day the knight stood up, in the full assembly, and answered in a ringing voice that the thing women most desired was power over their husbands. And it was admitted that the knight had saved his life.

Here the old woman arose. The knight's answer, she declared, she had taught to him; therefore, reminding him of his bond, she claimed his hand in marriage. It was a shock for the knight, who implored her to take all his goods, but to let him go free. There was no reprieve. He had to marry her, and he did so in private, without rejoicings or feast.

That same night he taunted her with her ugliness and her lack of breeding. She replied to him warmly that the greatest gentleman was the most virtuous, both in public and in private; the man who strove always to act most nobly, as a gentleman should. And she added: "You have two choices. Either you can have me old and ugly until my death, but still a loyal, true, and humble wife. Or else you can have me young and fair, but probably fickle and vain. Which shall it be?"

Sadly, the knight left the choice to her. "Have I won the mastery?" she asked. "You have," the repentant knight replied. "Then," she answered, "you shall find me both fair and true." And the knight, looking up, saw that she had changed indeed from an old hag to a young beauty, rich in charms. And the rest of their life was bliss.

(*Continued overleaf*)

THE KNIGHT'S TALE

PALAMON and ARCITE

IN the years when Duke Theseus ruled Greece, he subdued the Amazons of Scythia and married Hippolyta the Queen. Among his captives was Emelye, her younger sister. It was on the way back to Athens that he met a group of weeping Queens, dressed in black, who told him that Creon, the tyrant, had killed their husband and captured the city of Thebes. Hearing this, Theseus, in anger, after sending Hippolyta and Emelye off to Athens, turned with his army towards Thebes and himself slew the tyrant.

After this battle, when pillagers were about on the field, two wounded knights were found lying side by side, the cousins Palamon and Arcite, Princes of the Royal house of Thebes. Theseus ordered that they should be sent to Athens and there confined for life, with no hope of ransom; and for years they lived prisoners in a castle. A window overlooked the Royal garden; one May morning the lady Emelye walked there, with her long yellow hair braided in a tress behind her back as she gathered flowers. Palamon, hearing her sweet song, cried out. And Arcite, rousing himself, called: "What ails you, cousin? Why have you cried? Bear our perpetual imprisonment patiently, for the stars have ordained that it must be so."

Palamon answered: "You mistake me, cousin. I did not cry because of our imprisonment, but because I have seen a lady in the garden whose beauty amazes me. I do not know whether she be a woman or a goddess." Arcite, looking out, was himself amazed. "I shall be a dead man," he cried, "if I do not see her daily." And great jealousy arose between the cousins who, until that hour, had loved each other dearly.

It chanced that a great Duke, a friend of Theseus and a man who had known Arcite long ago, came to Athens, and begged his friend to set Arcite free without ransom. Theseus granted the request on the understanding that if the man set foot again on Athenian soil, he would lose his head. Arcite wandered far, but envying Palamon, who was still in prison and who could see Emelye daily. At last he resolved to return to Athens in a labourer's guise, and soon he gained a post in the household of Theseus. There for seven years he prospered, while Palamon lay fettered in prison, languishing.

Palamon's hour was to come. One midnight he was enabled to drug his gaoler and to fly to a wood without the town. In this very wood he met Arcite. The two renewed their quarrel over Emelye, and agreed at last to fall to fight, but in a knightly fashion as befitted their upbringing. Arcite returned to Athens for food and armour. At daybreak next morning he and Palamon began their mortal conflict. While they fought they were surprised by Theseus, who, with his train, and with Emelye and Hippolyta, was out hunting. At first Theseus condemned them both to death. But Hippolyta and her women begged mercy, and the Duke at length ordered that the rivals should leave Athens for a period of a year. At the end of that time they should return, with a hundred knights, to hold a great tournament at that very place; the winner to have Emelye's hand.

So it befell. When the day of the tournament arrived, Theseus ordered that if either Palamon or Arcite should be taken prisoner, the fighting should cease. Palamon was taken; but, as Arcite, the victor, rode towards Emelye, the horse stumbled and fell, and its rider was fatally injured. He was borne to the palace of Theseus. As he lay, dying, he sent for Emelye and Palamon and told his love that she could have no nobler man than his cousin, his rival through the years.

Then he died; and at last, when time had gone and old woes were forgotten, Theseus summoned Palamon and Emelye and they were wedded with all manner of rejoicing. "No jealous word then passed between them in their long, unbroken love."

THE LAWYER'S TALE

A PRINCESS'S ADVENTURES

CONSTANCE was the daughter of the Emperor of Rome, a maiden " peerless in beauty, yet untouched by pride," and of so much renown that when the young Sultan of Syria heard of her from his merchants, he sent an immediate message to the Emperor. He would offer, he said, to become a Christian, with all his nobles, if he could obtain the lady in marriage. So it was agreed ; and Constance and her retinue journeyed to the Syrian shore.

Unhappily for her, the Sultan's mother was " a well of vices." She invited the bride and bridegroom, and all the Christian knights who had attended them, to a great feast. Then her party set upon the newcomers and killed them all, the Sultan included. Only Constance was spared. She, poor woman, was put to sea in a vessel without rudder, but with a certain amount of treasure and a store of food.

She sailed for a long time, being saved miraculously from disaster, and was then cast up on the coast of Northumberland. The Constable of a castle that stood near the shore, a pagan like his wife Hermengild, found her and sheltered her. In due time he and his wife became Christians. But there was a young knight of Northumberland whom Constance had refused to wed ; and, scorned, he swore to bring her death. Killing Hermengild, he allowed Constance to be found with the bloody knife.

All looked dark indeed when she was tried before the gentle King Alla of Northumberland ; but, during the trial, when the base knight was ordered to swear to Constance's guilt upon a book that contained the Gospels, he was struck down by a supernatural avenging hand while a voice was heard to cry : " Thou hast defamed the innocent and meek."

After this the false knight was executed, and Constance became the wife of King Alla.

Woe for her ! Again a woman had designs upon her life. King Alla's mother set Constance adrift once more, with her baby son, in the very boat that had set her upon land. When he learnt the truth, Alla killed his mother and gave himself up to sorrow. Meanwhile, Constance and her child Maurice sailed the sea for " many a weary day " until they were rescued, brought to Rome, and there befriended by the wife of a Senator.

Alla of Northumberland, repentant at having slain his mother, travelled as a pilgrim to Rome. He was entertained splendidly by the Senator who had given shelter to Constance ; and when, in return, the Senator came to a feast of Alla's, he brought with him the child Maurice. The King, astonished on hearing the boy's tale and seeing his resemblance to Constance, went that afternoon to the Senator's house and met Constance, who swooned upon seeing him. Then the full story was told, the two were reconciled, and next day Constance revealed to her father, the Emperor, that she was the maiden he had sent long ago to Syria.

Alla and his wife returned to Northumberland. But they had been together only a short time when the King died and

The Lady Constance, then returning home,
Put forth on her last journey back to Rome.

Here at last she was able to live peacefully, with her father, for the rest of her days ; and, in course of time, the child Maurice himself succeeded to the Imperial throne.

(*Continued overleaf*)

EPILOGUE

ALAS, the Canterbury Pilgrims never reach Canterbury. What we have is barely one-third of Chaucer's original plan; but it is, nevertheless, a mighty fragment. We can imagine for ourselves the homage of the pilgrims at St. Thomas's shrine; but we have to leave the party just as it approaches "a little thorp," and the Host calls upon the Parson for a story:

Tell us your meditation. But I'm thinking
You'd better hurry, for the sun is sinking.

The Parson's tale turns out to be a sermon in prose which, says Mr. Coghill, seems "on the literal plane of meaning, to be an appropriate ending to the pilgrimage before the Saint's shrine is reached." But, as he adds, on the allegorical plane it may be deemed a preparation for a last confession

Upon that perfect, glorious pilgrimage
Called the celestial, to Jerusalem.

As we leave the pilgrims at their journey's end, or very near to it, we should remember Geoffrey Chaucer himself. He died on October 25, 1400, and lies in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Here he is, then, at the close of life as he was imagined a century ago by the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

Give Cussons toilet luxuries *in party dress !*

A wealth of Christmas ideas
for men, women and children—
all in gay presentation packs
at no extra charge

FOR HER

Attractive gift boxes containing differing selections of her favourite soap, talcum powder and bath cubes. From 6/6d to 4/3d. Bath crystals in attractive tulip bottle, 3 perfumes, 4/3d. Various decorated boxes of soap ranging from generous 3 tablet boxes of bath soap at 4/6 to miniature tablets at 3/6d for a box of 6. Imperial Leather perfume in gift caskets, 4/-.

FOR FUN
and the little ones

A fascinating choice of gaily coloured soap novelties including Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Bambi, Thumper, Archie Andrews, Gainsborough Lady and Chummy Spaniel dog, at prices from 6/- to 2/10d.

FOR HIM

Decorated gift boxes containing various selections of brilliantine and shaving luxuries, including the famous Chubby shaving stick, Imperial Leather after shave lotion and after shave talc, etc. Prices from 11/- to 2/9d. Individual shaving luxuries and brilliantine, each in attractively decorated pack from 5/- to 1/7d.

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1

With a beautiful simplicity Medieval craftsmen have told the story of the Nativity in this stained glass window in Canterbury Cathedral. This story of faith re-born touches the deepest springs of human feeling .... and once again this Christmas as the story is re-told in Churches and homes, the Standard Motor Company wishes all owners and prospective owners of their products peace and happiness in the year to come.

Issued by THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND

London Export Office & Showrooms: 15-17, Berkeley Square, W.1. Telephone: Grosvenor 8181

STANDARD TRIUMPH

STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.—NOVEMBER 19, 1953.